THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

NOVEMBER, 1808.

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Embellished with—I, A fine Engraving of Fish.——II, The Tigress and Alligator, an Engraving.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Letter from Tamworth, with an Account of Ann Moore, who has existed so long without food, was received only one day previous to the publication of our Magazine, of course too late for the present Month.

THE request of our respectable Correspondent at Blandford Park, shall be regularly attended to in our next.

SOME of the Papers entitled "*The Philosophical Sportsman*," having been accidentally mislaid, this circumstance has interrupted their insertion; but being recovered, they will recommence without intermission.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

FISH.

Pub.d Dec.1.1808. by J. Whe[illegible] Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1808.

FISH.

TO the same ingenious artist as furnished a beautiful print of *Dead Game* for our last Month's Magazine, we are indebted for this masterly design of FISH, and which possesses a recommendation not common to all engravings—namely, it may not only please the taste of the lovers of the Fine Arts, but likewise suit the palate of the sons of Epicurus, lovers of fine fish.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

AS the Winter Theatres are now opened, and the Italian Opera will, ere many moons have elapsed, follow the example, we think it not altogether irrelevant to our plan, to glance at those numerous inconveniences which are nightly suffered, at either Theatre, from impertinent coxcombs, who swarm and buz, like gnats, about the lobbies and green boxes of the Theatre, to the annoyance of modesty, the scandal of the police, and the disgrace of the country!

To say that "they manage these things better in France," is not enough, as they manage them better in every nation than this; and, as these grossnesses of conduct very frequently terminate in duels, sometimes of a serious nature, and more frequently for mere notoriety, we hold it as our duty to check the practice, in the hope of reducing the catalogue of murders, and restraining the influence of folly.

The motto of all those worthless fellows, who obtrude upon human patience at a London Theatre, is the same as that assumed by the doughty *Drawcansir:*

"I huff, strut, frown, look big, and stare;
And all this I can do—because I dare!"

Yet, generally speaking, there are not greater poltroons on earth than these miscreants prove, when opposed by the determination of offended manhood; and their apologies are as contemptibly mean as their violations of decency were flagrant. True courage is the tardy issue of true thinking, and those who mean to bear themselves firmly in the contest, will take especial care that their consciences shall furnish no drawback upon their spirits.

"He is thrice arm'd, who has his quarrel just."

In earlier times, when a certain class of persons were permitted to be ranked exclusively as *gentlemen*, it was because their manners were more refined by education, their carriage more noble, and their principles more dignified, than those of the ordinary members of society. From this source sprang the *Generosi* and *Armigeri* of the former ages; and when the Christian world

deemed

deemed it a labour of pious honour to rescue the Holy Land from the defilements of the Saracen, they turned their eyes to this purer body, and sought among their ranks for the leaders of their battalions; and thence issued the Knights of Jerusalem, Knights Templars, Teutonic Knights, Godefrey of Boulogne, and all those renowned champions and cavaliers, who ran about the creation to reform abuses, and protect damsels from peril: thus establishing that delicate excrescence upon the surface of moral honour, which has, for so many centuries, been characterised under the appellation of *Chivalry!*

In this pursuit, it must be admitted that there was much danger as well as much honour; but our modern cavaliers have so transposed the obligations, as to make honour an illusory charm, that merely exists in expression; and as for danger, it is entirely engrossed by those who have the misfortune to be elbowed, or within the hearing, of these intolerable puppies!—In another point of view there is likewise a material dissimilitude, as so far from directing their prowess to defend age and beauty from insult, they seem to concentrate all their skill in being themselves as *offensive* as possible.

It is not an uncommon occurrence with these *box-lobby loungers*, to club their interests, to procure from some celebrated performer a double order for admission: when this has been procured, by no small share of practical meanness, they generally make an economic dinner, in Porridge Island, on ox-cheek and potatoes, from whence they roll into the Theatre, cock their hats awry, teaze the boxkeepers to open every box, until they have fastened upon some sober citizen's family, whom they determine to *quiz*, or, in other terms, to harrass with impertinence. To sustain this sort of attack the better, they affect to be intoxicated, talk of the strength of my Lord Duke's Madeira; curse his cook for spoiling the pheasants, and at length, putting their glasses to their eyes, (although they could see a *bailiff* naturally the length of Pall-Mall) condescend to survey the proportions of the honest family from Dowgate-hill from top to toe, interlarding the measurement with tittering and sneers. At last, the maternal lady, feeling piqued at these progressive insolencies, desires her husband to speak to *them there* fellows behind; to which he good-humouredly answers, "Lord, my dear, the *gentlemen* are only a little in liquor." This appeal and response produce a horse-laugh from the assailants, which terminates with a loud exclamation, "Poll and her partner Joe, by G—d;" when the saucy blockheads reel out of the box, to transfer their follies to another quarter. And what is rather wonderful, all this is done and said in the sight and hearing of numbers, who do not manifest any indignation at that improper conduct, which would have drawn down a common chastisement upon the perpetrators, in any other city in the civilised world!

As the rules of good breeding are infinitely more observed in the Theatres on the Continent than in this Island, it becomes a matter of regret, if not of shame, that we alone should be prominent in this toleration of rudeness. The professional merits of the performers have no restraining charm for these coxcombs, as they are even more noisy than usual when Mr. Kemble is delivering a soliloquy, in a manner

ner that would arrest the attention of *Quintilian*; or when Mr. Braham is running the divisions of a polacca, in a style as perfect and tasteful as the strains of *Orpheus*.

During the "piping times of peace," when these insects of humanity had the opportunity to carry their impertinences into foreign nations, it was remarked, in the Theatres of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, that whenever a drunken fellow made his appearance, they always concluded he was an Englishman!— We know this to be true: and is it not an inglorious trait in our national character, that our young men of distinction (as they call themselves) should only be distinguishable for their absurdities? Are we sunk so low in the scale of merit, that our callow nobility should only be remarkable for their ignoble propensities? or is it to be an admitted point, that the ordeal of responsibility is now removed for ever, which heretofore operated with a due and heathful effect upon those, who had the brazen effrontery to suppose that they were privileged by rank, to supersede the respect that is due to feeling and manners! W.

THE BUXTON BIT AND CHARLTON BRADOON.

THE former useful as well as elegant appendage to the harness of the dashing chariot of the day is just introduced by Charles Buxton, Esq. The advantages arising from this improvement are obvious: in respect to their infallible quality of preventing the numberless accidents which daily occur by horses running away, they are peculiarly desirable. These bits are made upon a very simple construction; they give the person who has the reins in hand, the power of checking the horse by the most easy movement imaginable, however light in hand, or hard in mouth (boring on the bit) he may be. There are four loops in this regulating bit; in all the others there is only one. Mr. Buxton very much opposes the principle on which Lord Hawke, Mr. Annesley, and Mr. Thornhill act, with respect to the chain, instead of the pole pieces.—The Charlton bradoon, a favourite for more than twenty years, has lost its consequence by the new invention; the bearing rein now passes through the throat lash, but formerly it only entered the bit, and went straight to the *territ*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BOND TO CHIFFNEY.

O'Kelly v. *Sparkes*.

ON Friday, Nov. 25, in the Court of King's Bench, Lord Ellenborough gave the judgment of the Court upon this case, which was a writ of error, from the Common Pleas, upon an action for the arrears of an annuity, brought by the Defendant in error, Sparkes, against O'Kelly, the Plaintiff in error. The annuity was originally granted to the amount of 200l. per annum, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to Samuel Chiffney, the celebrated jockey, of whom the Defendant in error, Sparkes, was the assignee. The annuity was covenanted to be paid by the Treasurer of his Royal Highness's privy purse, for the life of his Royal Highness, and if it should be in arrear ten days, then the Plaintiff in error,

error, O'Kelly, bound himself to pay as security.

An action was brought for the arrears, when the Plaintiff in error pleaded that the arrears became due after the 5th of July, 1795, to wit, on the 5th of June, 1805, and that Sparkes did not give due notice of his demand to the Commissioners, under the Act, appointed for the payment of his Royal Highness's debts.

Upon a demurrer to this plea, the Court of Common Pleas determined against the Plaintiff in error, and upon a writ of error to this Court, it was now determined that that judgment was correct.

Lord Ellenborough said, that it was immaterial, when the debt became due, for the surety, as it was in this case, whether the payee of the annuity was enabled by any subsequent act to recover of the principal; and that Mr. O'Kelly, as surety for his Royal Highness, was liable to the payment of the money.

Judgment affirmed.

The foregoing, divested of the technical phrases of the law, means to say, that the Prince must pay up the arrears of Chiffney's annuity, or leave it to his friend Mr. O'Kelly, to do it.

Chiffney, it may be remembered, died some time ago, in the Fleet prison. It is needless to revive the history of *Escape*, who was prepared one day to *lose*, and another day to *win*. Neither the Prince nor Chiffney were in the secret: an under-groom managed the business.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING (ABRIDGED).

MONDAY, Oct. 31.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, General Grosvenor's John O'Gaunt rec. ft. of two subscribers.—Mr. Howorth's Lauretta beat the D. of Rutland's Rambler, 50gs.—Lord Lowther's Hylas beat Mr. Vansittart's Burleigh, 200gs.—Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each was won by Major Wilson's Juniper, beating Mr. Payne's Bulrush, and three others. Duke of Grafton's Musician beat Mr. Shakespeare's Sir David, 200gs.—General Grosvenor's Rifleman beat Sir C. Turner's Bramble, 150gs.—Mr. Craven's Beau Nash beat Lord Foley's Cecilia, 700gs.—Sir C. Turner's Bramble beat General Grosvenor's Rifleman, 200gs.

Tuesday—Sir C. Turner's Cousin Abraham beat Mr. Bouverie's Wood-Dæmon, 100gs.—Mr. Panton's Ralphina beat General Grosvenor's May, 50gs.—Mr. Kellermann's L'Huile de Venus beat Mr. Fermor's Brighton, 300gs.—Lord Foley's Weaver beat Lord Stawell's Brighton Lass, 100gs.—Lord Lowther's Brainworm beat Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, 100gs.—Sir C. Turner's Gundy beat Mr. Howorth's Cassio, 200gs.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, were won by Mr. Payne's Barbarian, 4 yrs old, beating Mr. Lacey's Mungo, 4 yrs old, and six others.

Wednesday—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for two-year olds, was won by Lord Stawell's c. by Gohanna (named by Mr. Ladbroke), beating Lord Foley's c. by Don Quixote, and three others. Lord Kinnaird's Achilles beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen, 100gs.—A Subscription Plate of 50l. for two and three-year olds, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Tristram, 3 yrs old, beating Sir F. Standish's ch. f. by Mr. Teazle, 3 yrs old, and four others. Duke of Rutland's Rambler beat Mr. Fermor's Wren, 200 gs.—The Audley-End Stakes of

30gs.

30gs. each, was won (after a dead heat) by Mr. Kellermann's L'Huile de Venus, 4 yrs old, beating the D. of Grafton's Musician, 4 years old, and four others.—Duke of Grafton's Vandyke beat Lord Lowther's Pelisse, 100gs.

On *Thursday* — Major Wilson's Juniper beat Mr. Lacy's Mungo, 100gs.—Mr. Batson's Hedley beat General Grosvenor's Don Carlos, 100gs. — Lord Jersey's Whistler beat Mr. Craven's Beau Nash, 100gs.—Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates beat Mr. Vansittart's Currycomb, 100gs.—Mr. Payne's Bulrush beat Mr. Vansittart's Momentilla, 200gs.—Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each was won by Lord Jersey's Langton, beating Lord Lowther's Tot, and Sir C. Turner's Bramble.—General Grosvenor's May beat Mr. Lloyd's Zephyr, 100gs.—Sir C. Turner's Cousin Abraham beat General Grosvenor's Rifleman, 150 gs.—Lord Jersey's Langton beat Mr. Goulburn's Romeo, 50gs.

Friday—Mr. Denham's ch. galloway, Eliza, beat Mr. George's b. galloway, Kitty, 50gs.—Lord Sackville's Deceiver beat Mr. Wyndham's Election, 200gs.—Mr. Wyndham's Scorpion beat Lord Kinnaird's Achilles, 200gs.— Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three-year olds, was won by Mr. Wilson's Miss Sophia, beating Sir C. Bunbury's Agnes, and Lord Foley's Cecilia. — Subscription handicap plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Howorth's Lauretta, 4 yrs old, beating General Gower's Pembroke, and three others. — Subscription handicap plate of 50l. was won by Lord Jersey's Langton, 6 yrs old, beating Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Hambletonian, and two others.

Saturday— General Grosvenor's May beat Mr. Lloyd's Fun, 50gs.— Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen beat General Grosvenor's May, 50 gs.—General Grosvenor's The Galloway beat Mr. Lloyd's Fun, 50gs. Sir C. Turner's Bramble beat Lord Foley's Folly, 25gs. — Handicap plate of 50l. was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Agnes, beating Mr. Craven's Beau Nash, and five others.— Mr. Thornhill's Chester beat Lord Foley's ch. c. by Mr. Teazle, 200 gs.—Sir C. Turner's Bramble beat Ld Lowther's The Galloway, 25gs.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING—WILTS AND SOMERSET.

ANOTHER grand match of single-stick, *Wiltshire* against *Somerset*, for a purse of twenty guineas, took place, at Trowbridge, on Tuesday the 22d instant. The contest originated in the defeat of the Wiltshire gamesters at Frome, on the 1st instant (*an account of which is inserted in page 70 of this Number*), who seemed in consequence determined to make another grand effort to regain the laurels the Somerset lads there won: in this, however, they were again completely disappointed, which the following correct statement of the play will shew:—

Somerset.		*Wilts.*
George Popham	broke	John Blackford's head, and James's Watts's.
John Wall	broke	William Iles's, William Maslen's.

Issac

Somerset.		*Wilts.*
Isaac Bunn's head........	broken by....	—— Willis.
George Kearsley	broke	—— Willis's, Richard Humphries's.
Alexander Clark's Jeremiah Wall's ..	.... broken by....	—— Coleman.
George Wall............	broke	Thomas Blackford's.
His head, and —— Langtree's ..	.... broken by....	—— Hambleton.
George Leader's Ambrose Leader's	.... broken by....	Stephen Fowler.
George Browning........	broke	T. Holmes's, —— Chandler's.
James Hole	broke	Robert Lyne's, —— Sloper's.
Jesse Evans	broke	R. Week's. Ed. Willcox's.
William Poole	broke	Stephen Flower's, Isaac Dean's.
Elisha Ducket's	broken by....	Seth Purnell.
John Clarke............	broke	Seth Purnell's.
His head	broken by....	—— Hibbard.
The Tyers were now called.		
George Popham's head....	broken by....	—— Coleman.

Besides the above, there was a match made for another purse of twenty guineas, (William Wall, of Somerset, against Thomas Ellis, of Wilts,) being a challenge by a Wiltshire gentleman, which was immediately accepted by a gentleman of Somerset, who offered to back Wall to any amount. These two are considered the champions of their different counties, and the contest was for two of three bloods, which was easily won by Wall, who also saved his own head. It is proper here to observe, that Wall was not suffered by the Wilts to play for the other prize, in which, of course, he would have participated in an equal (if not superior) chance with the rest of his countryman of becoming a tyer. The Somerset lads also met their opponents again, in both contests, without padding.

The contest was very severe; and the above statement will evince the decided advantage on the side of Somerset, whose tyers at the period advertised to play them out (three o'clock) were six to three against Wilts; but the Somerset gamesters, notwithstanding, consented to play so long as the Wiltshire thought proper to make their appearance, and darkness alone terminated the contest. They then offered to play out the remaining tyers the next morning, but this offer was also rejected, and the Somerset gamesters, in that handsome and generous manner which is so peculiar to them, offered their opponents half the prize, which, of course, they readily accepted.

The managers of this contest advertised that "great encouragement would be given to gamesters," and, much to their credit, it was conducted with that strict impartiality, that no encouragement whatever was given to either party.

WINNERS

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET.

THE following is a List of the six-year old horses, &c. carrying 12st. each, (heats over the Round Course) that have won Royal Plates at Newmarket, from October, 1727, to October, 1808, inclusive:—

Lord Halifax's Sampson, by Greyhound .... in October, 1727
Lord Halifax's Sampson, by Greyhound .... April, 1728
Duke of Bolton's Sweepstakes, by Lord Oxford's Bloody-shouldered Arabian—beating Victorious, Goliah, &c. .... Oct. 1728
Mr. Alcock's (afterwards Mr. Panton's) Crab, by the Alcock Arabian—beating Victorious and Spot .... Apr. 1729
Mr. Henley's (late Mr. Meynell's) Thunderbolt, by Counsellor—beating Mr. Cradock's Myra.................... Oct. 1729
Mr. Bathurst's Robinson Crusoe, by Jigg—beating the Duke of Ancaster's Gentleman, Lord Portmore's Spot, &c....... Apr. 1730
Mr. Shepherd's Tarran, by a Foreign Horse of Mr. Tarran's—beating Stump and Hobgoblin .... Oct. 1730
Lord Godolphin's Morat, by Bay Bolton—beating Craftsman and Tarran....................................... Apr. 1731
Mr. Jackson's Favourite, by Mr. Bridgewater's Grey Arabian—beating Greylegs and Brisk........................ Oct. 1731
Mr. Jackson's Favourite—beating Greylegs .... Apr. 1732
Mr. Grisewood's (late Mr. Bathurst's) Diamond, by Jew Trump—beating Mr. Kettle's Diamond, by Mr. Broderick's Irish horse, called Potatoe .... Oct. 1732
Sir Peter Soams's (late Mr. Williams's) Almanzor, by Mr. Darley's Almanzor—beating Sir M. Newton's Louse, Mr. Grisewood's Diamond, and Lord Portmore's Snake ...... Apr. 1733
Duke of Bolton's Starling, by Bay Bolton—walked over.... Oct. 1733
Duke of Bolton's Starling—beating Surley Slouch, and Miss Hackney... Apr. 1734
Captain Appleyard's Conqueror, by Fox—beating the Duke of Somerset's Quibble, by Wynham................... Oct. 1734
Captain Appleyard's Conqueror—beating Sly, Quibble, and Chance .... Apr. 1735
Hon. Mr. Bertie's Sobersides, by Lord William Manners's Doctor—walked over............................. Oct. 1735
Captain Hartley's Whitefoot, by Bloody-Buttocks—beating Sobersides .... Apr. 1736
Duke of Bolton's Goliah, by Fox—walked over .... Oct. 1736
Duke of Devonshire's Plasto, by Childers—beating Goliah and Plain-Dealer .... Apr. 1737
Duke of Devonshire's Fleece'em, by Childers—beating Lord Halifax's Barforth, and Lord Gower's Dapper Dick...... Oct. 1737
Mr. Panton's Cato, by Partner—beating Barforth.......... Apr. 1738
Duke of Devonshire's Second, by Childers—beating Mr. Grisewood's Spanking Roger, and Mr. Hutton's Black Chance, who fell in running for the first heat..................... Oct. 1738
Mr. Grisewood's Spanking Roger, by Childers—beating Black

 Chance,

Chance, Scrutineer, Marmot, and Second, who fell In running . . . . Apr. 1739
Duke of Somerset's Blacklegs, by the Hampton-Court Childers—beating Mr. Panton's Blaze . . . . Oct. 1739
Mr. Panton's Blaze, by Childers—beating Spectre and Blacklegs . . . . Apr. 1740
Lord Godolphin's Cade, by his Lordship's Arabian—beating Sir M. Newton's Elephant, and the Duke of Somerset's Black-Silver . . . . Oct. 1740
Mr. Martindale's Sedbury, by Partner—beating Cade, Czarina, Elephant, and Scar . . . . Apr. 1741
Mr. Panton's Spinster, (alias the *Widdrington Mare)* by Partner—beating Sir M. Wyvill's Volunteer, Mr. Bethell's Favourite, and Mr. Nunn's Staghunter . . . . Oct. 1741
Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's Volunteer, by Young Belgrade—beating Mr. Aislabie's Poor Robin, Mr. Greville's Puff, and Mr. Nunn's Staghunter . . . . Apr. 1742
Mr. Grisewood's Toy, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers—beating Lord Godolphin's Otter, Mr. Crofts's Forester, &c. . . . . Oct. 1742
Lord Godolphin's Molotto, by his Lordship's Whitefoot—beating Mr. Crofts's Forester, the Duke of Devonshire's Snip, Mr. Grisewood's Toy, Sir M. Wyvill's Sportsman, and the Duke of Beaufort's Jingle-Pot . . . . Apr. 1743
Duke of Ancaster's Dismal, by Cinnamon, beating the Duke of Devonshire's Brother to Plaisto, the Duke of Somerset's Achilles, and Mr. Hutton's Phantom, who won the first heat; but falling lame, did not start for the second . . . . Oct. 1743
Lord Gower's Tortoise, by the Godolphin Whitefoot—beating Trifle, Phantom, Dismal, Sportsman, and Badger, who fell lame . . . . Apr. 1744
Mr. Martindale's Starling, (alias the *Ancaster Starling)* by the Bolton Starling—beating Mr. Crofts's Drowsy, and the Duke of Devonshire's Collier . . . . Oct. 1744
Mr. Martindale's Starling—beating Drowsy, and Mr. Routh's Othello . . . . Apr. 1745
Mr. Martindale's Regulus, by the Godolphin Arabian—beating easy Lord Portmore's Grey Lincoln, and Mr. Everett's Lowther, who were both drawn after the first heat . . . . Oct. 1745
Mr. Martindale's Regulus—beating Mr. Grisewood's Teazer, who was drawn after the first heat . . . . Apr. 1746
Mr. Panton's Sloe, by Crab—beating Lord Gower's Little John, who was drawn after the first heat . . . . Oct. 1746
Lord Gower's Little John, by Partner—beating Lord Robert Sutton's Volunteer, Sir M. Wyvill's Primate, &c. . . . . Apr. 1747
Mr. Panton's Bustard, by Crab—beating Sir W. Middleton's Squirrell, and Mr. Meredith's Roundhead . . . . Oct. 1747
Mr. Greville's Old England, by the Godolphin Arabian—beating Sir W. Middleton's Squirrel . . . . Apr. 1748
Mr. Anthony Keck's Lady Charlotte, by Crab—beating Lord Tankerville's Stadtholder, and Mr. Prentice's Trial.—(Very high odds on Stadtholder) . . . . Oct. 1748

Lord

Lord Portmore's Highlander, by Victorious—beating Stadtholder, and Sir M. Wyvill's All-fours .... Apr. 1749
Lord Portmore's Othello (alias *Black-and-All-Black*) by Crab—beating Mr. Smith's Joseph Andrews............ Oct. 1749
Mr. Anthony Smith's Tartar, by Partner—beating Portmore's Bald Partner, and Mr. Greville's Tawney.............. Apr. 1750
Mr. Prentice's Trimmer, by Hobgoblin—beating Lord Portmore's Beau, Mr. Meredith's Stump, and Mr. Routh's Looby... Oct. 1750

To be continued in our next.

‡†‡ For the Pedigrees and Performances of the above Horses, &c. we refer our readers to *Pick's Turf Register*.

ON COURSING AND GREYHOUNDS.

THIS amusement is of great antiquity, and is treated on by Arrian, who flourished A. D. 150. It was first used by the Gauls. They used to speak to their greyhounds in the field, considering it an encouragement to them to know that their master was a witness of the excellence of their running; but this speaking was recommended to be chiefly confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second, they might by such encouragement exert themselves, and hurt their insides. It is singular, that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing should be now exactly what it then was. At two years old, the greyhound is full grown. The breeding of them was recommended to be from the well-tried and best bitches; but the surest way to have the whelps excellent was to have both sire and dam good, and not to exceed four years old. The keeping did not solely consist in the meat given him, but also in his exercising, airing, and kenneling. If in full flesh, to have the chippings of bread in fresh broth; milk and bread, buttermilk, and soft bones, morning and evening, which would keep him in health; if he was in low condition, sheep's heads or feet, with the wool on, chopped in small pieces and made broth of, with sweet herbs and oatmeal, were to be his food until he recovered.

The kennel was to be airy, and the door towards the south; the benches two feet and a half high, with holes bored; the straw on the benches to be frequently changed, and the kennel kept extremely clean.

The diet for greyhounds engaged to run was bread made as follows:—Half a peck of oatmeal, a peck of wheat ground, and bolted through a fine sieve; anniseed beaten, and liquorice, were to be scattered amongst it; then with the whites of eggs and new ale, to be kneaded into small loaves, which are to be well baked. This bread, soaked in beef or other broth, was to be given them after having aired and walked them out, morning and evening.

The airing was attended with some particulars; for the dog was first to be rubbed with a hair cloth in his kennel, then to be led out in a leash half an hour after sun-rise, to

to some place where there were no cattle or sheep; and there suffered to frisk and employ himself; when he was led back, the same method to be observed in the evening, and in winter he was permitted once a day to enjoy the benefit of the fire. It was also recommended to keep him always in the kennel, not only as a matter of safety, but as considered to increase their spine and nimbleness. At the first entering them, it was allowable to give them the advantage by finding a young hare, and giving her no law; but this never after first getting blood.

Upon coursing days, a toast and butter, or oil, was given them early in the morning; if the greyhound killed the hare, he was not suffered to break her, but she was taken from him, his chaps cleansed from the wool; afterwards the heart, liver, and lights given him; after a hard course, his feet washed with salt and water, and deemed preferable to warm beer and butter; after being in kennel half an hour he was to be fed. A hare seldom takes the same way as her head points when in her form.—The laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk, in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

THE

MISERIES OF MANAGEMENT.

From Ryley's Itinerant; or, Memoirs of an Actor.

BY way of raising one decent house, and shewing the inhabitants, if possible, the way to the theatre, which, from disuse, I almost thought they had forgotten, I endeavoured to get a play patronised; and as luck, whether good or bad, time must discover—but as luck would have it, the Earl of ——, and several other persons of distinction, were then at the Hop-Pole, where, I understood, they intended to remain a few days.—This incident completely routed the blue devils, who had of late been my constant companions. I dressed myself in a handsome suit of black, with my best laced ruffles, my hair was put into the most exact trim, and into Foregate-street I bent my way.

I have always remarked, that the time to carry a point which depends merely on good humour, is about half an hour after the cloth is drawn. I hit this period to a nicety; every vestige of dinner was removed, and the great folks as merry, over their fruit and wine, as health and prosperity could make them.

I followed a puppy-looking servant up stairs, and heard him announce me as Mr. Romney, Manager of the Theatre; upon which the whole company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same time repeating the word "Manager!" in a manner that gave me to understand, they entertained no great reverence for the character. "Oh, the Ma-na-ger!" continued his drawling Lordship, when laughter would permit—"shew the Ma-na-ger in—he is a *queer bitch*, I dare say—we shall have some *fun*, my lady."

My situation may be better imagined than described. I had frequently addressed persons of rank, and generally found a cheerful suavity of manners, the characteristic of true nobility; but now, as if fate was determined to oppress me at every point, my feelings were to be harassed by foppish lordlings,

tooth-

tooth-picking Sir Tommys, and lolling ladies of quality.

Filled with the contempt that what I heard so justly inspired, I was turning to make a precipitate retreat, when the servant threw open the door and discovered me. "Walk in, Mr. Manager, if you please," cried his Lordship, nodding significantly at a Baronet, who sat at the bottom of the table, and who was leisurely picking his teeth, whilst he turned round in his chair to stare at me. The company consisted of eight gentlemen and four ladies. A degree of disappointment was apparent when they found their promised source of mirth in some measure defeated. I dare say they had painted the Manager as a motley-dressed man, adorned with tinsel, who would servilely cringe and bow for the favour of being insulted by such honourable brutes. Perceiving their mistake—for I felt so truly indignant, that I almost looked upon them with contempt, and longed for an opportunity of shewing it—they stared at each other, astonished, no doubt, at my effrontery, as, with a bold, steady step, I walked up to my Lord, and laid before him a list of plays.

"Oh! aye! plays—my lady, will you *bespeak* a play?"

"Why, really, my Lord, I have no idea of *strollers*; pray, Mr. Manager, what sort of a set are your's?—sad wretches, I suppose. Pray, did you ever see Kemble?—I am vastly fond of Kemble."—"So am I, my Lady," replied the pick-tooth Baronet; "Kemble is a very fine singer, indeed; I have heard him often at the Opera."—During this time her Ladyship's eye, through a quizzing-glass, was fixed upon me with a steady effrontery. The Baronet continued, "Have you any fine girls in your troop, Mr. What's-your Name?" "Oh, fie, Sir Thomas!" cried her Ladyship, "how can you name such creatures before me?"—"Don't be angry, my Lady; Mr. Manager, here, will put us all in good humour, I dare say. What can you do that is comical—can you conjure."

Unable longer to brook such treatment, I retreated towards the door, and thus addressed his Lordship:—"My Lord, I throw myself on your protection. I am, it is true, Manager of a company of players; it is also true, that I have seen better days, and my feelings may be somewhat more acute on that account. I am well aware, my Lord, that superior rank is not always accompanied by superior abilities; but I should think that education, the natural consequence of noble birth, would at least so far enlarge the mind, and liberalise the manners, that the unfortunate would always meet encouragement and support—sympathy, and not insult. My situation at present is very uncomfortable, and attended with a degree of humiliation I am ill calculated to sustain; your Lordship will therefore pardon my abrupt departure."

I had not been at home ten minutes, when the following note arrived:—

"*To Mr. Romney, Manager of the Theatre.*

"The Hon. Miss ———, who had the misfortune to witness the inhospitable and unfeeling reception Mr. R. experienced at the Hop-Pole, acknowledges herself highly pleased with his proper and spirited conducted, and begs his acceptance of the inclosed."

The inclosure was a 10l. bank-bill,

bill, and the approving note, written by the hand of a beautiful young woman.

PARALLEL

BETWEEN ENGLISH MEN AND ENGLISH MASTIFFS.

By Cardinal Ximenes.

THE Cardinal, who was Minister to one of the French Monarchs, observed, that the English, like their native mastiffs, lived in a state of internal hostility. The cause, he observed, which frequently creates a *canine* uproar, every one knows is a *bone;* —Whence, said he, among the English, every statistical elevation is humourously called *a bone of contention.*—During the time of profound peace, the island dogs are frequently growling, snapping at, and tearing each other; but the moment the barking of *foreign curs* gives the alarm, the contention about a bone, bones, or bonuses, ceases: all the whole species, whether shagged, long-eared, cropped, or bob-tails, become friends, and with one heart and mind *join their teeth,* to defend their kennels against their foreign enemies.

COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUT. W. UPTON,

Of the 16th Light Dragoons.

GENERAL ORDER.

A General Court-Martial has lately been held at Canterbury, on Lieutenant William Upton, of the 16th Light Dragoons, upon the undermentioned charge, viz. " For having, on or about the 27th day of March, 1808, posted a paper in a public Billiard-room, at Hythe, purporting that Major Henry Young, his superior officer, then Brigade Major, at Hythe, was a Scoundrel and a Coward, and a disgrace to his profession, being contrary to his duty as an officer, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Upon which the Court, after having most maturely deliberated upon, weighed, and considered the whole of the evidence and matter that has been adduced in support of the charge exhibited against Lieutenant William Upton, of the 16th Light Dragoons, together with what he has offered in his defence, is of opinion, that he, the said William Upton, is guilty of writing, and is likewise guilty of having caused publicity to be given to the paper which was posted in the public Billiard-room at Hythe; though he did not actually affix the paper himself to the walls of the room, yet, under these circumstances, the Court considers him equally amenable and responsible for the act of the paper being posted, and it does therefore sentence the aforesaid William Upton, of the 16th Light Dragoons, to be *cashiered.*

But the Court, on a reference to the very severe and unjustifiable language made use of by Major Young, to the prejudice of Lieutenant Upton's character and honour as an Officer and a Gentleman, and which expressions he, Major Young, refused to disavow, regrets that no discretion is left to it to adjudge a milder punishment; and having maturely taken into consideration the provocation on the part of Major Young, and also the very high testimonials which Lieutenant Upton has produced in favour

vour of his character, not only as an Officer, but also as a peaceful and amiable member of society, it humble recommends Lieutenant William Upton to his Majesty's most gracious clemency.

His Majesty having considered the offence, of which the prisoner has been found guilty, to be so flagrant a breach of subordination and military discipline, that it is not possible, without prejudice to the service, to give effect to the recommendation of the Court, has been pleased to command that the sentence should be carried into effect.

His Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief, has therefore been pleased to direct that the foregoing charge, together with the opinion and sentence of the Court, shall be read at the head of every Regiment, and entered in the Regimental Orderly Books.

(Signed) Harry Calvert,
Adj.-Gen. of the Forces.

Horse Guards, Nov. 4, 1808.

LETTERS,

FOR AND AGAINST PUGILISM.

AGAINST PUGILISM.

Sir,

ALTHOUGH I do not pretend to be more fastidious than my neighbours, I cannot but denounce the encouragement of boxing, by the higher classes of society, as a disgrace to their order, and a stigma on the nation. To take delight in beholding a fellow-creature writhing in agony, disfigured by bruises, and weltering in blood, is the strongest indication of a depraved, cowardly, and cruel mind.

Towards the decline, Sir, of the Roman Empire, we read of the fights of their Gladiators, their Retiari, and of their combats with one another; and also with wild beasts, encouraged by Senators and by Emperors. Suetonius relates, that Nero descended into the Arena.—What a sight, Mr. Editor, for an amateur! an Emperor one while throwing off the purple, and appearing as a gladiator or pugilist, before a corrupted people; at another time assuming the sock, and attuning the lyre on the public stage!

But, perhaps, Sir, I shall be told I am wrong, and that the royal and martial games of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and man-maiming, add to the courage and keep up the manly spirit of the nation; yes, Sir, perhaps I am wrong; perhaps the Agricultural Society should give gold and silver medals, to such nobles and commoners as should display most skill and science in wielding the butcher's mallet, in staggering a bullock, or dexterously cutting the throat of

> "The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day."

And, Sir, in furtherance of this most desirable acquirement, we might now attain some most useful hints in bull-baiting from our truly magnanimous ally, the Spanish patriots.—See *Bargoan's Spain.*

Nor should we stop here; we are told, from high poetic authority,

> "It is from high life, high characters are drawn."

Then, how great and important to the morals of society, and how discouraging to vice, to behold high and distinguished characters aiming at *higher* pursuits than boxing and bull-baiting—to hear that my Lord

Lord ——, on such a day volunteered, and most scientifically flogged a culprit from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, to the terror and admiration of a gazing mob! or the Marquis of —— gave considerable delight to a vast crowd of fashionable spectators, by the firmness and agility (that even astonished Jack Ketch himself) with which he scientifically tied the fatal knot, so as to astonish the numerous amateurs present!

But irony apart—in sober sadness I declare, Mr. Editor, that the punishment of malefactors, through the medium I have suggested, would manifest less depravity of heart, and prove less injurious to the morals, the interest, and peace of society, than the example and encouragement given to an exhibition, sanctioning what is positively *illegal*, and which is only calculated to familiarise the eye with scenes of cruelty, wantonly sporting with, ande ven gambling, on the lives of our fellow-creatures, in a strife that is too often mortal; and, Sir, not only awakening an unprovoked combat between individuals unknown to each other, but likewise productive of idleness, riot, and immorality, amongst thousands of the lower classes of our countrymen.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ANTI-PUGNIST.

Cecil-street, Oct. 2, 1808.

IN FAVOUR OF PUGILISM.

SIR,—In answer to a writer who signs himself ANTI-PUGNIST, and who stands forward as a strenuous antagonist against the practice of Stage Boxing, not merely as promoting idleness and dissipation among the lower orders of the community, but as a custom which has a necessary tendency to render the individuals of all ranks sanguinary, brutal, and ferocious—Considering this as a question of national importance, and viewing it with regard to its principles and effects, in a light totally different from your Correspondent, I request that you will indulge me with an opportunity of stating a few arguments, on which I venture to ground this difference of opinion.

I lay it down, then, as a principle, that in every state of society, men, particularly those of the lower ranks, will ever require some means of venting their passions and redressing personal affronts, independently of those which the laws of their country might afford them; and, that it is of more benefit to the community, that these personal contests should be under such regulations as place bounds to resentment, than that they should be left to the unrestrained indulgence of revenge and ferocity. In most countries on the Northern Continent of Europe, bodily strength, exclusively, decides the contest; hands, feet, teeth, and nails, are all employed, and the strongest gratifies his resentment by biting, kicking, and trampling upon his prostrate adversary. In the South, the appeal is usually to the *stilletto*, and a *colpo dicoltello* is so common at Naples, that there is hardly a Lazorone who has not the marks of it on some parts of his body; not a year passes in which there are not hundreds of assassinations in this City. Now, observe the different effects of a different principle: A sailor, some time since, at Nottingham, lent an aeronaut his assistance in preparing the ascent of his balloon; when receiving a blow from one of the bye-standers, while

while he held a knife in his hand —"You scoundrel," exclaims the Tar, "you have taken the advantage by striking me, because you knew as I held a knife I could could not strike you again;" under similar circumstances, what would have been the conduct of a Genoese, or a Neapolitan?

Boxing, as it is conducted in this country, is a remnant of the ancient tilt and tournament, conducted on the principles of honour and equity, a contest of courage, strength, and dexterity, where every thing like an unfair and ungenerous advantage is proscribed and abhorred.—It is a custom peculiarly our own, and to which, probably, we are not only indebted for the infrequency of murder and assassination, but also for the victories of Maida and Trafalgar. Some persons are willing to allow these effects, provided the practice was confined to casual contests, and not extended to public combats and stage fights. These, they say, induce the laborious men to quit their occupations, and serve as a rendezvous for the disorderly and the profligate—but is not the same objection to be made to all amusements in which the lower orders are peculiarly interested, and where else would men of this description practically learn, that the gratification of their personal resentments must be limited by the laws of honour and forbearance?—Had Crib struck Gregson after the decision of the contest in his favour, what would have been the indignant feelings of the surrounding multitude, and what would he not have experienced from their resentment?— And are these feelings not worth inculcating— will they not characterise a nation, and are they not the genuine sources of generosity and honour?—If it be admitted, which, I think, cannot be denied, that any advantage be derived to society from individuals in these combats being restrained from giving full scope to ferocity and revenge, these advantages must be exclusively ascribed to the custom of public exhibitions. It is from these that all regulations and restrictions originate—it is from these they are propagated, and with these they will be extinguished.

I am not without apprehension, that from abhorrence of what some call brutal and vulgar pursuits, the noble science of attack and defence should be in future proscribed at the seminaries of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, and that little master should be enjoined by his mamma, in case of an affront, to resort to his master for redress and protection. To the custom, indeed, as it now prevails, the English youth are, in a great measure, indebted for their nobleness and manliness of character. Two boys quarrel, they agree to box it out—they begin and they end by shaking hands; the enmity terminates with the contest:—And what is this but a lesson of courage, magnanimity, and forgiveness? the principles of which are thus indelibly impressed on the mind of the boy, and must ever after influence the character of the man.

Away, then, with this effeminate cant about maintaining order and decorum, by the suppression of the public exhibitions of manly exercises. To them the individual Englishman owes his superiority to the individual of every other country, in courage, strength, and agility—and as a country is composed of individuals, to what other causes can England more reasonably impute her proud pre-eminence among nations which she now enjoys, and which

which she will ever maintain till this spirit is tamed into servility, under the pretence of applying salutary restrictions to the licentiousness of the people. W.

K——, October 31.

THE

DUKE OF YORK'S STUD.

THE following is an account of the produce of the blood stock of the Duke of York, sold at Tattersall's, on Monday, the 7th inst.

BROOD MARES.

	Guineas.
Sister to Nitre	205
Spinetta	170
Trumpator Mare	215
Rosa Bella	130
Virtuosa	135
Mary Bella	100
Romance	77
Mony Musk	290
Walnut Mare	100
Volumnia	92
Sister to Oatlands	180
A Bay Mare by Mercury, with a Gohanna Foal	145

YEARLINGS.

Sorcerer Colt	300
Ditto	150
Ditto	350
Ditto	200
Gohanna Colt	500
Whiskey ditto	300
Sorcerer filly	300
Giles ditto	100
Gouty ditto	90

TWO-YEAR OLDS.

A Gohanna Colt	380
Sir Solomon ditto	115
Gouty filly	50
Ambrosio ditto	100
Gouty ditto	62

FOALS.

	Guineas.
A Colt by Sorcerer	70
Ditto by Whiskey	75
Ditto	75
Ditto by Giles	80
Filly by Giles	75
Ditto by Dimsdale	45
Ditto by Whiskey	50

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Coriolanus	210
Nymphina	270
Tumbler	200
Oberea	440
Noyeau	70
Colt by Gouty	50

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STUD.

Don Felix	61
Brother to Anniseed	80
Gr. Sorcerer Colt	310
Waxy Colt	75
Young Whiskey Colt	270
Walton Colt	200
Sir Peter Colt	250
Trumpator Colt	105

The above is the statement made in a Morning Paper of some celebrity; we have, however, since ascertained, that only seven lots were actually sold out of forty-six, belonging to the Duke of York, and only six out of fourteen, belonging to the other Royal Personage: the rest were bought in. Those really sold were—

A Grey Mare, sister to Nitre; covered by Giles; bought by the Duke of Rutland for 205 guineas.

A Bay Mare, by Trumpator, out of a sister to Colibri: covered by Orville;—by the same, 220gs.

Virtuosa, a Bay Mare, by Precipitate, out of Certhia, by Woodpecker; covered by Sorcerer;—by the same, 135gs.

Nelly, a Brown Mare, by Postmaster, dam by Snap; covered by Giles; bought by Mr. Pearce, for 56gs.

Sister

Sister to Oatlands, a Bay Mare, by Dungannon; dam, Letitia, by Highflyer; covered by Giles;—bought by Mr. Thornhill, for 80gs.

A Grey Filly, by Gouty, out of an Arabian mare;—bought by Mr. Mallet, for 62gs.

A Bay Colt, three years old, by Gouty, out of a sister to Oatlands;—by Mr. Burrows, 50gs.

Own Brother to Anniseed, three years old, by Coriander;—by Sir H. Lippincott, 80gs.

A Grey Colt, two years old, by Sorcerer, out of Nitre; engaged in the Newmarket Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. Wednesday, First Spring Meeting, 1809; by Lord Darlington, 500gs.

A Bay Colt, two years old, by Waxy, out of Trumpetta; engaged as the preceding; by General Grosvenor, for 75gs.

A Bay Colt, one year old, by Young Whiskey, dam by Precipitate, out of a sister to George; bought of Mr. Goodisson;—by Mr. Howorth, 270gs.

A Bay Colt, rising one year old, by Sir Peter, out of Trumpetta;—by Lord Jersey, for 250gs.

A Brown Colt, rising one year old, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer; grandam by Young Marske, out of Gentle Kitty; by Lord G. Cavendish, for 505gs.

ILSLEY COURSING MEETING, 1808.

ON Tuesday, the 8th of November, the following courses were run, for a Silver Cup, value thirty guineas.

Mr. Ramsbottom's Toy beat Mr. Craven's Gipsey, two courses.

Mr. Bacon's Grassini beat Mr. Thornhill's Trap.

Dr. Mitford's Maria beat Mr. Wroughton's Whimsey, two courses.

Mr. Goodlake's Gnat beat Mr. Bunce's Blossom, two courses.

Mr. Woolrych's Willing beat Mr. Noble's Nelly.

Mr. Morland's Matchless beat Colonel Stead's Spring.

THE TIES.

Mr. Goodlake's Gnat beat Mr. Morland's Matchless, two courses.

Mr. Bacon's Grassini beat Mr. Woolrych's Willing.

Dr. Mitford's Maria, beat Mr. Ramsbottom's Toy.

TO DECIDE FOR THE CUP.

Dr. Mitford's Maria beat Mr. Goodlake's Gnat and Mr. Bacon's Grassini; a very capital course.—The unfavourable state of the weather on the first day, induced the Club to defer the decision for the Cup till Wednesday, when very capital running was displayed.

Dr. Mitford's Maria (the winner) was bred and trained by Mr. Greenwood, and is out of his bitch Cobweb, by Lord Rivers's Rolla. She beat, among others, Mr. Ramsbottom's Toy, in a capital style, (who last year won the Cup) and was allowed by the oldest coursers to display such speed, courage, and bottom, as are seldom or ever witnessed, having three of her feet cut in a most shocking manner before she ran her last course.

THE EXILE.

KING'S THEATRE, NOV. 10.

OF this new Melo-Dramatic Opera, the following are the principal *Dramatis Personæ*:—

 Count

Count Ulrick ....Mr. Pope.
Count Calmar........Mr. Incledon.
The Governor........Mr. Munden.
Baron Alltradoff.....Mr. Liston.
Servitz..................Mr. Fawcett.
Daran ....Mr. Young.
Patriarch ....Mr. Cresswell.
Rimski ....Mr. Murray.
Yermach ....Mr. Chapman.
Welzien ....Mr. Jefferies.
Empress Elizabeth.Mrs. St. Leger.
Catharine ....Mrs. Dickons.
Alexina ....Mrs. H. Johnston.
Sedona ....Mrs. Gibbs.
Anna ....Mrs. Liston.

SKETCH OF THE FABLE.

Count Ulrick, a Nobleman of distinction, after acquiring great reputation in the Russian army, is nevertheless banished to Siberia, through the base influence of Prince Lowenstern over the Empress Catharine. He is thither followed by Sedona, his wife, and his daughter Alexina. Romanoff, the nephew of the Governor of Tobolskow, frequently visiting the wretched family at their retreat in the neighbourhood, a mutual attachment takes place between him and Alexina, which his uncle suspecting, in order to prevent his future visits, and to compel him to marry the niece of Prince Lowenstern, banishes him beyond the frontiers, and endeavours to force Alexina into a marriage with Welzien.—Romanoff assumes the name of Daran, goes to St. Petersburgh, and, in the disguise of an Indian, gets into the service of Baron Alltradoff, a nephew of Prince Lowenstern, a pert, vain coxcomb, and in that capacity accompanies him to Tobolskow, whither the Baron is journeying to claim the hand of Catharine, the Governor's niece, whose affections he in vain attempts to win by his skill in music and dancing, her heart being already devoted to Count Calmar, by whom she is beloved with equal ardour. Romanoff, aware of the ruin preparing for Count Ulrick, to conceal his benevolent design, assumes a ferocious aspect, and expresses a deadly hate to the Exile and his family, by which means he completely blinds the Governor as to his intentions, and, jointly with Welzien, (the enraged and rejected suitor of Alexina), is entrusted with the execution of the Empress's orders; in pursuance of which, Ulrick is dragged from his retreat, and imprisoned in Tobolskow, and they are sent in pursuit of Alexina, who has set out, accompanied by Yermach, a faithful domestic, on the desperate undertaking of travelling to St. Petersburgh, to solicit her father's pardon. In this undertaking, Daran completely frustrates the vindictive designs of Welzien, and Alexina reaches the neighbourhood of Moscow in safety. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of that city announce the grateful tidings of the succession of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia, and of her approaching coronation. Alexina hastens thither, rushes into the presence of her new Sovereign, and notwithstanding the influence of the Patriarch (a near relation of Prince Lowenstern) she procures, through the means of the disguised Romanoff, the pardon she solicited, and immediately departs for Siberia, without waiting for the deed of pardon to be completed; by which means she is again subjected to all the bitterness of sorrow; and, in order to save herself and family from immediate destruction, is compelled to marry the supposed Daran. The Governor at length receives the royal mandate from the Court for the liberation of Count Ulrick, and by it he becomes acquainted with the villainy and disgrace

disgrace of Prince Lowenstern, which reconciles him to the union of his daughter with Count Calmar, to whose protection she had fled, after escaping from her uncle's house by the ingenuity of Servitz.—Romanoff, not Daran, claims Alexina for his bride, and the Exile is restored to his former honours.

In this pretty piece, which does not exhibit much novelty either of situation or character, the actors distinguished themselves in such a manner as to give it considerable effect, and it was announced for repetition by Mr. Young, amidst the loudest applauses. To be fashionable, however, it was not without its allusions to the present state of Spain. Mr. Incledon, as Count Calmar, sung a song, (for which see our Poetical department) beginning, "In days of yore, on Pavia's plains."

REMARKABLE FOX-CHASES.

ON Saturday, the 29th ultimo, the Cranborne-Chase pack of fox-hounds had one of the finest runs ever known in the western part of the kingdom. They unkennelled a fox at Pimperne Wood, four miles east of Blandford. He went off immediately for the Chase, and having taken a round in the West Walk, broke off over Iwern Hills, and entered the Vale of Blackmore, leaving the parish of Shroton to the left, making his way towards Duncliff Wood, near Shaston; but having been headed, he bent his course to the river Stour, which he boldly crossed in defiance of the flood, and, after running the Vale many miles, passed through Piddle's Wood towards Okeford Fitzpaine, but the hounds pressing him hard, he was obliged to return to the cover, where, having taken a turn or two, he broke on the opposite side, near the town of Sturminster, and crossed the commons and pastures to Mr. Brune's seat, at Plumber, where he entered a summer-house, passed through the chimney flue, and entered a drain, from whence being bolted, he was run into, and killed near Mr. Salkeld's seat, at Fifehide Neville, full fourteen miles from the place where he was found, after a chase of two hours and ten minutes.

ON the day above-mentioned, Saturday, the 29th of October, in the afternoon, a fox was seen crossing the fields of Campton, in Bedfordshire, followed by a shepherd's dog. The fox first made his way into the grounds of the Rev. Mr. Davies's boarding-school, at Campton, where the boys were at play. Reynard was no sooner in the midst of this juvenile assembly than a tumultuous uproar assailed him, from which, however, he hastened with all speed, through a border plantation, into the road, and crossing to the Rev. Mr. Williamson's house, the minister of the parish, he bolted through the glass into the library. Here a female servant was cleaning the room, and who, by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the new visitor, was thrown into fits. On some of the family entering the apartment, Reynard was found skulking in a corner, and the poor girl extended on the floor; with some difficulty she was recovered, and the fox bagged by a person who saw him enter. When or where the chase commenced is uncertain; but the dog is known to belong to a shepherd, at Meppershall, the adjoining parish to Campton.

SINGLE-

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A Grand Match of Single-Stick, Somerset against all England, took place at Frome, on Monday, the 31st ult. and Tuesday, the 1st instant, and afforded such excellent sport as, perhaps, was never before witnessed.

The principal object of this match, was to afford the Somersetshire and Wiltshire gamesters an opportunity of displaying their prowess. The Wiltshire men, after losing six heads, declined, for the first day, all farther contest, and the Somersetshire men, of course, secured that day's prize, but not without first exciting the admiration of the spectators, by the very excellent sport they displayed amongst themselves. The grand contest was therefore reserved for the second day, when a very strong party from Wiltshire attended, and both parties (though in the most friendly manner) seemed determined to uphold the fame that their counties have so long enjoyed.

The Somerset men, who on this day met the Wiltshire without padding, had six tyers of two heads each, before their opponents could claim one; at length, however, the Wiltsbire obtained two tyers, and the state of the match was then as follows:

Somerset.		*Wilts.*
Isaac Bunn	head broken by	John Blackford.
John Wall	broke	John Blackford's head.
his head	broken by	James Watts.
Jeremiah Wall	broke	James Watts's head, and William Iles's.
George Wall	broke	Isaac Dean's, and Thomas Blackford's.
Ambrose Leader	broke	Phineas Jefferies's, and Seth Purnel's.
James Bunn	broke	Stephen Flower's.
his head	broken by	Robert Lyne.
George Leader	broke	Robert Lyne's.
his head	broken by	Stephen Fowler.
James Hole	broke	Stephen Fowler's;— and Ebenezer Webb resigned his head, being rendered unable to continue the contest.
William Poole		allowed a head, no Wilts man appearing within a limited period; and broke the head of Jacob Pearce.
Jesse Evans	broke	Edward Willcox's, and Charles Cozens's.
William Wall		allowed a head, no Wilts man appearing within a limited period.
his head	broken by	Thomas Ellis.
No Somerset man mounting the stage within five minutes, a head was allowed (although Wall waited nearly half an hour for him) to		Thomas Ellis.
George Popham, and Richard Baker	broken by	William Maslen.

The

The contests had been extremely severe, and several Wiltshire men now appeared ready to mount the stage, but the Somerset men having all played, the tyers were called. The odds being, however, so great in favour of Somerset, those gamesters, in the most handsome manner, offered Ellis and Maslen that portion of the prize equal to the share they could claim, which was cheerfully accepted; both parties, thus uniting, spent the remainder of the day with good will and harmony.—Every accommodation was provided at the different inns for the numerous and respectable company that attended, amongst whom were some of the first characters from the counties of Somerset and Wilts.

The business of both days was exceedingly well and most impartially conducted; and the gentleman who presided on behalf of the Wiltshire party, who is acknowledged to be a respectable and highly-esteemed character, declared that he should ever bear testimony to the handsome and liberal treatment his countrymen experienced.

QUESTION RESPECTING UMPIRES AT COURSING MEETINGS.

MR. EDITOR,

AT a late Coursing Meeting, six brace of greyhounds were entered for the Cup. A member named three of them against six, which bet was taken; he then added another dog to the three he had before chosen, which was likewise taken by several members. The gentleman who had made the bets was one of the umpires to most of the courses run on the first day: during the evening, one of the members with whom he had betted, (and whose dog had won her first course) expressed his intention of objecting to his being an umpire the next day, when the ties were to be run off; at which he was most violently offended, and termed it an unprecedented objection.—The opinion of the coursing amateurs is requested, to determine whether a gentleman, interested in every course, ought to be an umpire? G. M.

Nov. 14, 1808.

THE SIEGE OF ST. QUINTIN,

OR,

SPANISH HEROISM.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 10.

IN this new Drama, brought forward yesterday evening, and which is attributed to Mr. Hook, the author has dexterously seized many of the circumstances in the history of the Siege of St. Quintin, and applied them with great felicity to the scene that is now passing in Spain.—In the mouth of Count Egmont, the Spanish Commander, he puts a most forcible description of the savage atrocities perpetrated by the French, and of the courage, the intrepidity, the perseverance, and the wisdom, by which the unprincipled invasion of the Enemy is resisted, discomfited, and confounded. The more pointed passages were seized with avidity, and hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The interest of the piece turns almost exclusively on the fortunes and sufferings of Count Egmont and his Countess, Adriana, who fall into the hands of De Courcy, the governor of the castle, by whom they are immured in separate prisons; Egmont, in a cold sub-

subterraneous cave, the entrance into which is covered over with a ponderous iron grating. De Courcy is enamoured of the charms of Adriana; and, among the other dark shades of his character, endeavours to win her affections from her husband, and fix them on himself. His stratagems are, however, frustrated by the ingenuity and presence of mind of Adriana, who gains to her interest her keepers, Bertrand, and Rosa de Valmont, from whom she contrives to procure the key to the door of Egmont's prison; extricates him from his confinement, and shuts up De Courcy in his stead. Egmont, by the help of his son, who is also a prisoner, obtains the pass word, and thus deludes the guards, and returns to his Commander in Chief, Emanuel Philip, with whom he concerts, and afterwards executes, the attack and expulsion of the enemy, in which enterprise he is nobly seconded by an Irish officer, Sir Leinster Kildare.

The following are the principal *Dramatis Personæ*:—

Spaniards.

Emanuel Philip (Duke of Savoy) ....Mr. Putnam.
Count Egmont (the General) ....Mr. Elliston.
Theodore (his Son) .....Master Wallack.
Everard (the Minstrel)...Mr. Braham.
Bertrand ....Mr. De Camp.
Alvarez ....Mr. Ray.
Miguel ....Mr. Miller.
Adriana (Egmont's wife) Mrs. H. Siddons.

English.

Sir Leinster Kildare ......Mr. Johnstone.
Captain ....Mr. Maddocks.
Jack ....Mr. Penley.

French.

De Courcy (Governor of the Castle) ....Mr. Raymond.
Laroche ....Mr. Smith.
Rosa De Valmont ....Miss Ray.
Margaret ....Miss Tidswell.

The piece abounds in glowing sentiments of patriotism, and in energetic descriptions of the acts of injustice, oppression, and cruelty, exercised against the generous Spaniards by their ferocious enemy. Here is its chief merit as a composition. There is much ingenuity in the contrivance by which Egmont is liberated from his dungeon; but some of the incidents want probability. In the delineation of the characters there is not much novelty or niceness.—Egmont is a bold and generous Spaniard; De Courcy a stern tyrannical Frenchman; Sir Leinster Kildare, a courageous warm-hearted Irishman; Adriana, a constant and affectionate wife. Such characters, no doubt, are every day to be met with; but brought together under the circumstances in which they are placed in this piece, they could not fail of exciting a powerful interest.

Egmont and Sir Leinster Kildare had most able representatives in Elliston and Johnstone. Nothing could be more tenderly affecting than Mrs. H. Siddous's Adriana. Braham is introduced as a military minstrel, animating the Spaniards to battle; he had two airs, and they were given with his usual taste, and were received with the accustomed applause.

The part of the vocal performance which excited the greatest applause was a beautiful duet between Masters Durousset and Huckle, (pupils of Mr. Corri, the Composer) which was rapturously encored. The Overture and Music are composed by Mr. Hook, and do much credit to his taste and science. The scenery is all new and of uncommon beauty. The dresses and decorations are appropriate and magnificent.

From the beginning almost to the

the end, the piece was listened to with the deepest attention, interrupted only by frequent bursts of applause. When it was given out for a second representation, some attempts were made at censure, but they were soon overpowered by cries of *bravo*, and a general tumult of approbation.

GAMING TABLES.

Mr. Editor,

I Wish shortly to describe to you what are meant by *public tables* at the west end of the town; these are, in other words well known to the frequenters, called *Subscription Houses, Hells, and Slaughter-Houses.* At the Subscription-houses, whist, piquet, and other games, are played with cards, every night for some months together; Hazard is played sometimes, when a party is made for that game. At those houses there have been instances of such large sums of money having been lost by individuals in the course of one night, as has caused ruin and desolation to many very respectable families. At the houses not inaptly called Hells, Hazard is played every night, and Faro on certain nights in each and every week, nearly the year round.—These houses are resorted to by Gentlemen, Merchants, Tradesmen, clerks, and *sharpers* of all degrees and conditions, and very expensive dinners are given twice or thrice a week to draw together a large company, who, if they mean to play, are abundantly supplied with wines and liquors *gratis.*

At the hazard-tables in those houses, every person who takes the box and wins three successive mains, pays half-a-guinea to the groom-porter; and, upon an average, five or six box hands (as they are termed) are received in an hour. The play on some nights lasts but a few hours, on others eight, ten, or twelve hours.

The advantage to the Faro bank varies at different stages of the game: the least advantage to the proprietor of the bank, and against the *Punter*, is about three and a half per cent. and increases to *twenty-six* per cent. It is certain, that the annual expence of maintaining one of these Hells, exceeds 8000*l.* *which must come out of the pockets of the frequenters of them;* as also large additional sums to maintain numerous attendant sharpers and servants, who are employed to parade *without* the houses, to give timely notice of the appearance of *disagreeable visitors.*

It is a truth well known in our Courts of Justice, that many who have frequented these houses have been bankrupts, others have been driven to commit felonies, for which they have suffered various punishments, and even death; whilst others, to rid themselves of a miserable existence, have committed *suicide.*

The houses called by sharpers *Slaughter-houses,* are those where persons are uniformly employed by the proprietors to *affect* to play at hazard for large sums of money, with a view to induce some unthinking individual to join in the play, who, if the scheme succeeds, is (by loaded dice and other fraudulent means) in the end dispossessed of all the cash he has, and perhaps plunged into debt, for which a bond is given, the embarrassments of which are felt for some years after: should he, however, return to the play, as a means of regaining what in such company is past redemption,

demption, his ruin is sealed, and he finds, too late, that he has been *pigeoned* by sharpers. Some time ago, the parish officers of St. Ann's, Soho, caused an exhibition of lanthorns, and boards, with the words "*beware of bad houses*" painted upon them, for the purpose of ridding the neighbourhood of dissolute and abandoned women. This had the desired effect, and if similar means were taken by the parish officers of St. James's to suppress the houses called *Hells and Slaughter-houses*, that object would also be accomplished. It probably may be said, if the gaming which is carried on at those houses was suppressed, it would not lessen the evil, as the proprietors would continue the vice in other houses in another parish. To that I answer, that the keepers of gaming houses would be considerably injured by change of situation, and a few removals would inevitably exhaust their stock of ill-gotten gains.

That legal measures are not more effectually pursued, or rather that they are not pursued at all, against gamesters and gaming houses, might be easily explained, and is in fact owing to no other cause than the mutual *bribery* and *corruption* which exists between the keepers of such houses, and those who ought to carry the laws into effect. ARGUS.

COL. THORNTON'S DEPARTURE FROM YORKSHIRE.

From the York Herald.

EVERY true sportsman of this county must regret to hear that what has been for some time rumoured has at last taken place: Col. Thornton has been induced to part with Falconer's Hall, and if the report is true, we have to congratulate him in having selected the most enviable and princely domain in England, a residence unparalleled in its situation, either for a man of fashion, a *bon-vivant*, or a sportsman. After having given the very best sport in hawking, coursing, and hunting, at Scarborough, Falconer's Hall, and to the Saltergate Club, the Colonel, a few days since, proceeded through this city, in his way to Spy Park, in Wiltshire, followed by a cavalcade, (such as attracted the attention of the whole of this place,) in the following order:

First, the Boat Waggon, so well known by the opponents of my Lord Milton, and held by the owner invaluable, from having conveyed not less than 3000 independent freeholders of this virtuous county to vote, and ultimately, in spite of ministerial influence, to elect Lord Milton, a descendant of that man, the pattern of patriotism and unexampled rectitude, Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham;— this waggon, admirably contrived for the carrying of luggage or loose dogs, covered with the skins of stags, fallow deer, and roebucks killed by the Colonel, nets, otter spears, fishing rods, and guns, drawn by four thorough-bred cream-coloured Arabian mares, bred by the King. Next a dog cart, which carried milk-white terriers, and beautiful greyhounds; these were all sheeted and embroidered with the different matches that they had won: the novelty of this appeared to excite particular gratification. The Huntsman, mounted upon a powerful, fine grey hunter, followed by an immense pack (judged not less than 100 couple) of staghounds, foxhounds, otter-hounds, and lively lap-dog beagles. A Stud

A Stud Groom and four Grooms, each leading a thorough-bred horse, the descendants, as it was said, of Jupiter;—deer skins covered them by way of housing. A keeper, appropriately dressed, with three brace of pointers. The Falconer in green and silver, surrounded by hawks, and on his fist a venerable grand Duke, closed this procession. Following, we understand, there were nine waggon-loads of old wine and ale, brought from Thornville Royal, inestimable from its age, and held by the *Duke of York as the finest wine in the kingdom*. These wines, moved at such an immense expense, were from twenty-five to an hundred years old.

Many sportsmen, though delighted with the *coup d'œil*, could not forbear saying they should never see such sport as they had enjoyed with the Colonel, and envied those who were now to partake of his amusements and hospitality in Wiltshire.

The distance we understand this cavalcade is to travel, is about 200 miles. A farther account of this very valuable removal, and their safe arrival at their destination, (and such was the sincere wish of all the spectators,) we hope to give hereafter.

SPY PARK is situated in that part of the county of Wilts called North Wiltshire, which is very dissimilar, in geographical features and natural characteristics, to the Southern portion of the county. Whilst the former is distinguished by its numerous inclosures, dairy farms, and manufacturing towns, the latter is chiefly occupied by the wide-spreading downs called Salisbury Plain.

Spy Park has, for many generations, been the property of the Baynton family, some of whom appear to have been Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in the time of Henry II. The late Sir Edward Baynton Holt, Bart. died at the advanced age of 90, in January, 1800, when his estates devolved to his son and heir, Sir Andrew Baynton Holt, who has recently sold or let Spy Park to Colonel Thornton.

The mansion is a plain but spacious building, seated in a park which abounds with fine old oak and other timber trees. The grounds are diversified by bold swells and winding vallies, and command, at various stations, some extensive and interesting prospects. To the S. E. the bold promontory called *Roundaway-hill*, presents its steep acclivity, with its commanding encampment on the summit.—A range of lofty chalk-hills extend thence for several miles to the east, on the southern face of which is the White-horse of Cherril, and above it is another ancient encampment, called Oldbury Castle.

At the extremity of the park, towards the west, the grounds slope gradually to the Avon river, and its fertile meadows; and at an old gate, called *The Spy*, a very extensive tract of country is unfolded. Whilst the plantations of Bowden Park, and the venerable Abbey of Laycock, attract the eye near the fore-ground, the lofty free-stone hills around Bath are seen in the middle distance, and a large tract of Gloucestershire is observed extending to the N. E.; whilst the more picturesque and romantic features of Somersetshire are beheld, stretching to the horison, in the west and south-western directions. The park includes an area of nearly eight miles in circumference, and during the residence of the late Sir Edward, its venerable forest-like trees were sacredly preserved from the axe; they were, however, I am informed, considerably thinned by the last proprietor.

Since

Since the publication of *Colonel Thornton's departure from Yorkshire,* the following letter has appeared in the public prints:—

"I am happy to inform the public, through the medium of your interesting Paper, that the cavalcade of Colonel Thornton at this place, was distinguished by a junction of an immense number of sporting and other valuable paintings; together with a collection of rare exotic plants, and three waggon-loads of bald-faced and other red deer, roe-bucks, Asiatic deer, and party-coloured fallow deer; a *garde chasse* had the charge of two brace of Russian and French wild boars, the latter understood to be a present from Napoleon, in return for 70 couple of high bred fox-hounds, descended from the famous *Old Conqueror*, and sent to the Emperor Napoleon during the last peace, whose high mettle afforded him the most exquisite gratification. A brace of cormorants, with silver rings round their necks, and broke in for fish hunting; together with ichneumons and pole-cat ferrets, for rat-hunting, and some beautiful milk-white Muscovy ducks, and a number of high-bred brood mares, foals, colts, fillies, and the two famous horses, the *Esterhazy* and *Theodolite,* closed this splendid procession; and it is understood that on their arrival at Spy-Park they were met by the Colonel and some sporting friends, who expressed their astonishment, that after having travelled through such almost impassable roads, amidst torrents of rain, and particularly the lap-dog *Beagles*, not more than thirteen inches and half in height, and consequently often swimming, they should have arrived without the least injury.—I am, &c.

"A SPECTATOR."

Chippenham.

DRESS.

IN the reign of Edward III. the following description of the Dress of the English Beau gives the very top of the mode:—

"He wore long pointed shoes fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; stockings of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other leg; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs, and disclosed the shape of the parts included in them; a coat, one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones."

The Dress of the English Belle was not less eccentric:—

"The Tournaments or Sports were attended by many Ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. They were dressed in party-coloured tunics, one half being of one colour and the other half of another; their tippets were very short, their caps remarkably little, and wrapped round their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches were ornamented with gold and silver; they wore short daggers before them; they were mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they rode from place to place in quest of these sports, by which they dissipated their fortunes, and ruined their reputations. Their head-dresses underwent many changes in the course of this period; they were sometimes enormously high, rising almost three feet above the head in the shape of sugar loaves, with streams of fine silk flowing from the top of them to the ground."

FEAST OF WIT.

A Contented husband, who was pretending to be asleep while a Noble Lord made love to his wife, observed a servant stealing wine from the beaufet:—" Hollo, (cried he) I am *not asleep for every body* —put back that bottle."

The *two Divines* who rendered themselves so very conspicuous at the late *punching match*, at Moulsey, excuse themselves by observing—that the Apostolic injunction, " a Bishop *should be no stricker*," was never intended to restrain the conduct of the *inferior* Clergy.

A *Ship Owner*, having advertised for sale a *Chasse Marée*, was applied by a *Cockney Whip*, to know the lowest price he would take for his *Chaise Mare*.

A *pregnant Bride*, and an *immaculate Spinster*, have been compared by a certain facetious Lady of Quality to two different stages of the Moon, because the *first* is in the CRESCENT, and the *latter* in the WANE.

A *stage-struck youth* lately called upon Mr. K. at his residence not far from Bloomsbury-square, and applied for an engagement. The Manager, after scrutinising the various qualifications of the youthful candidate, enquired—" and pray, Sir, to what particular parts have your studies been directed?—what is your *forte*?"—" Why, Sir, (replied the youth, in a modest tone), I rather think that I excel in your own line."—" My line! (exclaimed the Manager, with peculiar complacency) what is that? what do you mean?"—" To confess the truth (rejoined the Tyro), I flatter myself that I am most at home in *playing the Tyrant!*"

" THE theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to John Kemble, speaking of the Botany-Bay theatricals, an account of which appeared in the papers a few months since. " Yes," replied the tragedian, " the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected, and sent to that situation, by very excellent *Judges!*"

What is the Literary World?—It is a kind of fair, full of stalls, wares, and shopkeepers: in which the theologist sells his stuff, which at the same time supplies food and warmth. The critic disposes of his cobweb linen and transparent lawn, of no shelter from the cold. The philologist, his embroidered vests, Corinthian vases, and Phrygian marble. The physician, letters and syllables. The lawyer, men. The antiquary, old shoes. The alchymist, himself. The poet, smoke. The orator, paint. The historian, fame—and the philosopher, heaven and earth.

What are the most rare Animals in the World?—A rich man contented with his fortune. A man distinguished by genius, and not distinguished by defects. A courtier grown old. A learned man, who knows himself. A virgin who is beautiful to every body but herself.

self. A prime-minister who possesses honesty; who has the interest of his country, not that of himself or his associates, at heart.

Addison's Pedigree of Wit.—Good-sense is his father, Truth his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-humour are his chosen companions.

An impertinent *petit-maitre* told a Country Gentleman in a Coffee-house at the west end of the town, that he looked like a *Groom.*—" I am one (replied he), and am ready *to rub an ass down.*"

University Hoax.—In the common room of a College in Oxford, a wag mentioned that poor Dr.—— had *put out his leg* as he was crossing a kennel. Much sympathy was expressed, and many inquiries made next morning, when it proved that the Doctor was unhurt, and that, in crossing a kennel, the action of putting out the leg was *nothing more than the customary practice.*

Curious Slip-Slop!—The three wives of a *Knight*, a *Physician*, and a *Justice*, were one evening engaged in a social game at *Questions and Commands;* and according to the custom of the game, the first began—" I love my love with an *N*, because he is a K-*night!*" —The second, in the same terms, confessed her partiality for an *F*, because he was a P-*hysician!*—and the third avowed a similar regard for a *G*, because he was a J-*ustice!*

A Norfolk Clergyman, of great simplicity, rode over a field of standing corn, in his way to a village. In coming out he was met by the farmer, who told him, he did not think he would have served him so. " Indeed, Sir," replied the meek man, " I am very sorry, but if I have done you any harm, *I will ride back again!*"

A pedantic fellow called for a bottle of Hock at a tavern, which the waiter not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat—" A bottle of Hock, *hic hæc, hoc,*" replied the visitor. After sitting, however, for a length of time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and enquire into the cause of the delay. " Did not I order some Hock, Sir? why is it not brought in?" " Because (answered the waiter, who had been taught Latin grammar) you afterwards *declined* it."

Specific for Blindness.—A quack doctor, in the neighbourhood of York, who advertises an universal specific for the ills of mankind, adds, that he attends to communications by letter, " but it is necessary that persons afflicted with the loss of sight should *see* the Doctor."

Royal Luck.—When Pope Sextus the Fifth heard that Elizabeth, Queen of England, had beheaded her rival, the Queen of Scotland, he cried out, in a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, " What a *lucky* woman, to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head."

An honest Welchman has lately commenced his advertisement of the elopement of his wife in the following terms:—" Whereas my wife, Betty ——, has eloped from me for the fourth time, *without my consent,* this is to caution," &c. &c.

A person congratulating an Officer of the *Termagant* on the recom-

commissioning of his ship, (he having some idea of immediate matrimony) replied, "I would much rather the Lords of the Admiralty would re-consider my case —*one Termagant at a time is surely enough*."

THE admirers of fine writing, and particularly of that new species of beauty called *Alliteration*, now so much used by orators, will be pleased with the following character of a young lady, from the Newcastle Journal of 12th July, 1788: "Died, in the flower of her age, Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Harrison, of Whiddon-Bridge House. If *b*oundless *b*enevolence *b*e the *b*asis of *b*eatitude, and *h*armless *h*umility the *h*arbinger of a *h*allowed *h*eart, these *c*hristian *c*oncomitants *c*omposed her *c*haracteristic, and *c*onciliated the esteem of all her *c*otemporary acquaintances, who *m*ean to *m*odel their *m*anners by the *m*ould of their *m*eritorious *m*onitor."

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred lately, at King's Cliffe, near Stamford. A young woman, determined

That the parish should know
She'd two strings to her bow,

was actually asked at church to two young men, brothers, of the name of Palmer.

ANECDOTE of Dr. Line.—This noted Irish physician, who died of the small-pox at the age of 85, built a house in a peculiar manner, so as to have the full benefit of the circulation of the air. Every window had another opposite to it, none of which he ever suffered to be shut or glazed. The room in which he slept had four open windows, two on each side of his bed. —It was remarked that, for fifty years together, nobody died out of his house. He carried this doctrine to such an excess as to contend, that no house could be wholesome where a dog could not get in under the door, and a bird at the window. — Upon his death, his son had all the windows glazed, soon after which, several persons were buried out of the house.

AT the sessions at Caermarthen, 14 H. 7. it is said, Forasmuch as many and divers vicious priests and clerks in holy orders, within the principality of North Wales, defile many women, wives and daughters of the Prince's tenants, *by reason whereof* the farmer of the Thamorbership in sundrie comothe of N. Wales *excessively distraines the said tenants*, as well by their goods as their lands, it is ordered, that [instead] every *priest and clerk so offending shall be distrained*; in default of goods, a process to issue from the Exchequer, f. 115.—Distraining, for cuckoldom or seduction, the unfortunate *sufferers*, was certainly a novelty in jurisprudence.

THE Welch are remarkable for never hanging felons. The following *bon-mot* is recorded of a modern Counsel. The Judge, upon the road, observing some sheep in an insulated spot, where the tide or the flood menaced them with speedy death, said, "Nothing can save these sheep." "My Lord," replied a Barrister, "do not you think a Welch Jury can?"—A Juryman being asked, in a case of palpable evidence, why he and his brethren gave a verdict of acquittal, replied, "What, would you have hur hang hur own countryman?"

BATTLE BETWEEN THE TIGRESS AND THE ALLIGATOR.

From a Drawing taken from the scene of action, by an Officer in the East-India Company's service, while at anchor in the River Ganges, and sent to the Editor with a Letter, of which the following is an Extract.

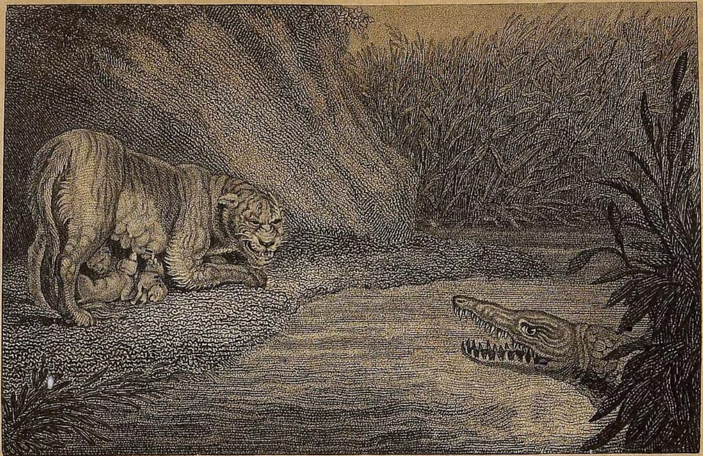
"THE Magazines you favoured me with at my departure from England, have been a source from which I have derived much entertainment, as have the gentlemen also with whom I have the honour to associate. It was for this gratification I thought myself bound to register every occurrence in my way to India, that might be likely to contribute to the novelties of your liberal undertaking, and to communicate such, whenever I found an opportunity of sending to Europe.

"We had been near seven weeks upon the coast, before any thing happened worthy my remark; however, one Sunday afternoon, at a place the least expected by the ship's company, we were alarmed by a sudden and tremendous howling from the land. Mr. Parker and myself were seated under our awning to catch the occasional breezes, for the heat was uncommonly intense, and inactivity pervaded the crew, from the cabin-boys to the Captain.

"The ship rode at anchor in the mouth of a deep lagoon, one side of which was overgrown by lofty weeds and shrubs of various kinds, and the other a rude and irregular shore, with several deep caverns about it. The terrific sounds again assailed our ears, when, looking towards the place from whence they came, we beheld a female tiger of the largest breed, that had just, as we supposed, dropped her whelps, and had been disturbed by the unwelcome appearance of a monster from the water, of the alligator kind—

"The treach'rous tyrant of the tempting wave,
That lures the trav'ler to a watry grave,
That by old Bulac's walls more evil spread,
Than troops victorious, by fierce demons led."

It still continued above the liquid element, and the teeth in its open and frightful jaws appeared more like the spikes in the segments of an iron vermin trap, than to belong to any thing animate. We were all upon the alert, as the singularity of the scene drew our attention; and although a full cable's length from the rocks, and beyond the possibility of an attack from either of these ferocious enemies, we were somewhat disconcerted with fear for our boat's crew, at that moment returning with fresh water. The alligator was about twenty feet in length, and had now floated like a log to the very verge of the strand, when the tigress, with the same actions we have observed in the house-cat while defending her kittens, struck her dreadful lances into the nose of her assailant, and with such force, that the blood followed like so many fountains; nor was the monster dismayed, but rushed on the shore, where one of the severest battles ensued that the human imagination can entertain; the alligator all the while endeavouring to force the tigress into its watery domain, where victory had certainly favoured this powerful aquatic combatant.—The Captain, seeing the tigress and her whelps in danger, ordered a carronade to be loaded with grape-shot, and our gunner aimed with such



J. Scott, del.	W. Nicholls sculp.t

TIGRESS AND ALLIGATOR

such exquisite dexterity, that the monster soon sunk into its watery bed, with a few pounds of our indigestible pills in its belly. And now the almost exhausted quadruped collected up her young in her bleeding jaws, and retired, growling, to the woods, but with all the majesty peculiar to this tremendous creature.

"I thought this incident by no means unworthy the notice of your readers; and our friend, Mr. Scot, whose pencil was busy during the battle, presented me the inclosed drawing, perfectly descriptive of the attack, and as perfectly at your service," &c.

To this we have subjoined a description of the alligator, by a correspondent, whose valuable communications have added much to the pages of our natural history.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ALLIGATOR.

The alligator is a very fierce and formidable animal, of the same species with the crocodile, and inhabiting the most desolate and unfrequented parts of Asia, Africa, and America. It is chiefly found on the banks of the river of the Amazons, the Niger, and the Nile, where several of them are sometimes found lying together, as close as a raft of timber, to which they bear a striking resemblance. The general form of these two animals, the alligator and the crocodile, is very much alike, therefore the description of the former will serve to give the reader an idea of both, the difference in their conformation being too trivial to deserve a place here.

This creature, it appears, is about eighteen or twenty feet in length, of which the tail is five or six feet, the head and neck about two feet and a half. The fore legs, both inside and out, resemble the arms of a man; and the paws, of five fingers each, the inside of the human hand. The hinder legs, including the thighs and paws, are from two to three feet; the paws, from the joints to the extremity of the longest claws, are about ten inches, and divided into four toes, of which three have large claws; these toes are united by membranes like those of web-footed fowls, but of much stronger substance. The head is long, with a small rising on the top, covered with a skin that adheres firmly to the skull and jaws. The skull is rough, and indented in several places; and about the centre of the forehead are two bony crests, two inches high: the skull between these two crests is musket proof. The eyes are very small in proportion to the rest of the body, and so placed within their orbits, that the exterior parts, when the lids are shut, are only one inch long. They are protected by double lids. The iris is very large in proportion to the globe of the eye, and of a yellowish grey colour. Above the eye is placed the ear, which opens downwards as if by a kind of spring, by means of a thick, solid, cartilaginous substance. The nose is placed in the upper jaw, near an inch from the extremity, and is perfectly round and flat, of a black spongy substance, not unlike the nose of a dog, and the jaws seem to be locked one in another.

Nothing can be further from the truth than the generally received opinion, that the lower jaw is incapable of motion, whereas it moves like the lower jaw in all other animals, while the upper one is fixed to the skull, and remains immoveable. This creature has twenty-seven cutting teeth in the upper jaw,

jaw, and fifteen in the lower, with several interstices between them; they are thick at the root, but sharp towards the point. The mouth is fifteen inches long, and when open at its full extent near two feet, and enough to admit the entire body of a man. The colour on the upper part is a dirty brown, and of a whitish citron below, with large spots of both these colours on the sides. The shoulders and back, to the very extremity of the tail, are covered with fifty-two large square scales, disposed like parallel girdles. The creature is likewise covered with a coat of armour.

With regard to the internal conformation, the gullet is large, and a ball of wood as big as a man's head will pass up and down with facility. The guts are remarkably short, not being so long as the body. The tongue (which some naturalists have falsely asserted this animal is not possessed of) consists of a thick, spongy, soft flesh, strongly connected with the inferior jaw. The heart is about the size of that of a calf. It has no bladder, but the kidneys are furnished with a duct to the anus, by which the urine is discharged. The back bone consists of sixty-two joints, which, though very closely united, have sufficient play to enable the animal to bend like a bow to the right or the left; so that what we have been told of escaping the creature's voracious jaws, by declining from the right line, and of its not being able to wheel about readily after its prey, is entirely fabulous; on the contrary, the alligator can turn with facility, for the points of its back are as pliant as those of any other animal: in brief, it is invincible in attack. Its teeth are sharp and tenacious, as are also its claws.

The proper element of this creature is the water, in which it takes up its abode, and where it is most destructive: when in this element, it has been known to overturn a canoe with a stroke of its tail: it has also been known to seize a man from a boat, when a part of his body has been so far out as to come within its reach. It will lie concealed among sedges for hours and days together, seize suddenly on its prey, and dive with it to the bottom of its haunts, and then devour it.

This creature, with all its cunning, is easily entrapped. They are sometimes taken and tamed for diversion. We are informed by Phillips, that at Sabi, in Africa, there are two ponds near the royal palace, in which crocodiles are bred in the same manner as carp in Europe.

The flesh is bad food, being strongly tinctured with musk, although it is often eaten; but the eggs are not so exceptionable, they being sought after, and devoured with great avidity, by the natives of Africa. These eggs, where the animal abounds, are found in great numbers, for she always lays them in the sands on the banks of some fresh-water river, laying from eighty to a hundred a day. The eggs being slightly covered, the sun presently vivifies them, when the parent breaks the shells, and leads her young to the water, their most natural element.

The chief enemy to the alligator is the vulture; these birds secure themselves from sight in the thick trees where the alligator lays her eggs, carefully watching her till she has deposited her quantity, when the vultures descend, tear up the sands, and feast upon the hidden treasure. This bird is providentially

dentially intended for the destruction of these animals, which otherwise would soon over-run the world with their numerous and cruel progeny.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

NOVEMBER 14.

ON *Monday*, the day of the members assembling, Sir M. M. Sykes's and Mr. Watt's foxhounds threw off at Stockton Forest. The morning, a hard frost, and the hounds had no run.

Tuesday, the first Coursing day, was still more unfavourable as to the weather, which was extremely tempestuous, and rained nearly the whole time of the different courses. About fifteen matches were run up, with various success to the owners of the greyhounds.

Mr. Mellish, whose absence was much regretted, forfeited some matches for plate to Major Topham.

The hares, from the wetness of the day, ran uncommonly ill, and therefore gave no opportunities on this day, for the dogs to distinguish themselves.

On *Wednesday*—The foxhounds met at Settrington Beacon, and after trying Linton Whin, Settrington Wood, the Ox-Close, and all the adjoining covers, not a fox was found. A very large field of sportsmen were assembled, and much disappointed.

Thursday—Which is now the day of expectation, and is most looked for, as it is the day of contention for the PRIZE CUP, had the following dogs to start for it, and was won as follows:

Mr. Best's b. dog, Snowdrop, got by Old Snowball 1
Major Bower's 2
Major Topham's bitch 3
Mr. Monson's b. dog 4
Sir Thomas Slingsby's b. bitch.. 5
Mr S. Croft's b. dog, disqualified, by slipping too soon.

Snowdrop, who won the cup in February last, again won it in a very gallant style, and did justice to his sire. He is one of the last descendants of Old Snowball. The hare killed.

Mr. Lowther beat Major Topham by one in five matches during the morning: twenty-three matches were run; but the amusement of the day was unfortunately interrupted by Sir Thomas Slingsby, a gentleman universally esteemed, having his leg broken by a kick from a vicious stallion, as he was passing it. He was taken to a farmhouse of Lord Middleton's, at Wharram, who showed the most unceasing attention. Mr. Treacher galloped from the ground to York, to bring Mr. Atkinson, the surgeon, to his assistance.

SPORTING ASSAULT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 27.

The King v. *Houlton, Esq.*

THE defendant was convicted at the last Assizes for Somerset of an assault upon a Magistrate, named Champneys, of Orchardleigh, in that county, with a view to provoke him to a further breach of the peace, and was this day brought up to receive the judgment of the Court. It appeared that the defendant, who is a Lieutenant in the Navy, had been warned off the grounds of Mr. Champneys, and

L 2 restricted

restricted by the keeper from sporting on his lands. This occasioned ill blood between the parties, and the defendant threatened to thrash Mr. Champneys the first time he met him. An opportunity offered some time after, when the defendant called the prosecutor an ass, an owl, a vagabond, and a scoundrel, and thrust his double-barrelled fowling-piece against his breast. Mr. Champneys was greatly alarmed, but conducted himself without violence. It was for the assault and provocation that a Jury at Wells had found the defendant guilty.

Messrs. Jekyll and Pell were heard in mitigation, who enforced the contrition of the defendant for what he had done.

Mr. Serjeant Lens supported the prosecution, and said, if the defendant had felt a real contrition for his misconduct, he would have expressed it earlier to Mr. Champneys, and the necessity, perhaps, of coming to that Court might have been avoided.

Mr. Justice Grose, in passing sentence, observed, that the defendant had degraded himself by the language he had used, and if he had been truly a sportsman, he would have known that he had no right to sport upon the lands of another, without permission of the owner. With respect to his expressed contrition, he should remark, that had it been the honourable result of a gentlemanly mind for an insult offered, and injury committed, it would have come sooner; but being left to the last moment, he must consider it only as a desire to escape punishment. Under all the circumstances, the Court ordered and adjudged, that he should be imprisoned six months in the King's Bench Prison, and find security for keeping the peace for five years, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each, and be imprisoned till such sureties were found.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

From the New-York Gazette.

RUND avay or vas sdolden or vas —sdrayed mine large plack horse about 14 oder 15 hands six inches hie—he has been got four plack Legs, two pehind and two pefore—he is plack all over his pody, but he has got some vite spots pon his pack vere de Skin vas rub off, but I greesed em, and de vite spots are plack agen—he trods and kanters and sometims he valks and ven he valks all his legs and feet goes on von after a noder—he has two ears pon his head poth alike, put on is placker dan toder—he has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon the Side of his head, and ven you go toder side he vont see you—Ven he eats good deal, he has a pig pelly—he has a long dail dat hangs down pehind, put I cut it Short toder day and now tis not so long vat is vas—he is shoed all round put his pehind Shoes comed ofe and nou he has got on shoes only pefore, he holts up his head and looks gaily, and ven he has been frighten, he joomps about like every thing in de vorld he vill ride mit a Saddle or a chare or a kart, or he vill go by himself without nobody but a pag on his pack and a poy on it—he is not very old and his head ven he vawks or runs goes first and his sdail stays pehind, only ven he gets mad and turns round and den sometimes his dail comes first—Vo ver, vil pring him pack shall pay fife Dollars reivard, and

and if he pring pack de tief dat sdole him he shall pay pesides twenty Dollars and ax no questions.

STAKEEN PONDREILDREEN.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOV. 15.—1st WEST-ACRE.

Matches for the Cup.

MR. Lovelace's Mouse beat Mr. Upcher's Palafox.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Mr. Gurney's Admiral.

Captain Wyat's Jane beat Mr. Moseley's Broadamant.

Mr. Hamond's Quaker beat Mr. Johnson's Nelson.

Matches after the Cup.

Mr. Gurney's Augusta p. beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wood-Nymph p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Gurney's Argus p. rec. forfeit from Mr. F. Hamond's p.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wormwood a. beat Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Wright's) Vulcan a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Upcher's Phædra a. beat Mr. Lovelace's May a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Magic p. beat Mr. H. Redhead's Yorick p. 1 g. and 2 gs. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Mushroom p. beat Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Wright's) Virgin p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Redhead's Lively against Mr. F. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Venus, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided)

Mr. Redhead's Leda against Mr. F. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Vestal, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

Captain Wyat's Jesse a. against Mr. Johnson's Nun a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided).

Mr. Johnson's Lady Nelson p. beat Mr. Young's Van p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Gurney's Asdrubal a. beat Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Wright's) Various a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Johnson's Now-or-Never against Captain Wyat's Jason, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Off.)

WEDNESDAY.—SMEE AND NARBRO'.

Matches for the Cup.

Mr. Hamond's Wydford beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker.

Captain Wyat's Jane beat Mr. Lovelace's Mouse.

After the Cup.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wormwood a. rec. ft. from Sir Wm. Clayton's Umpire a. 1 g. and 4 gs. bye.

Mr. Upcher's Padilla p. rec. ft. from Mr. Moseley's Blemish p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Gurney's Anne a. beat Mr. Upcher's Pharsalia a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Maiden a. against Mr. Gurney's Ajax a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

The following were not run, from the want of hares :—

Mr. Gurney's Armida a. against Mr. Upcher's Pompadour p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Vernon's Eagle p. against Mr. Gurney's Argus p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Mademoiselle a. against Mr. Gurney's Anna, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

THURSDAY.—CLEY.

Mr. Gurney's Argus p. beat Mr. Young's Vis. p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Johnson's Nell against Mr. Caldwell's Kitty, 1 g. and 1 g. bye. —(Off.)

Mr. F. Hamond's Wood-Nymph p. against Mr. Caldwell's Kangaroo, 1 g.—(Undecided.)

Mr.

Mr. Upcher's Brindle Bitch agst Mr. Penrice's Regulus p. 1 g. and 2gs. bye.—(Off.)

Col. Lovelace's Mushroom p. agst Mr. Penrice's Rodney p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Off.)

Mr. Upcher's Palafox a. beat Mr. Gurney's Admiral a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Colonel Lovelace's Magic p. beat Mr. Redhead's Lucy p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Colonel Lovelace's Mushroom p. beat Mr. Redhead's Leader p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Johnson's Nimrod a. against Mr. H. Redhead's Yanky a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

Mr. F. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Vestal against Mr. Redhead's Leda, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Off.)

Mr. Gurney's Argus p. beat Major Wilson's X. p. 1 g.

Mr. Gurney's Armida p. beat Mr. Upcher's Pompadour p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Redhead's Yorick p. beat Mr. F. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Volunteer p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Colonel Lovelace's Mademoiselle beat Mr. Gurney's Anna a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Upcher's Padilla beat Major Wilson's Xantippe, 1 g.

Mr. F. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Vestal beat Mr. Upcher's Pertinax, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

SECOND WEST-ACRE.

Match for the Cup.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Captain Wyat's Jane; thereby winning the Cup.

Matches after the Cup.

Mr. F. Hamond rec. ft. from Mr. Gurney's (Mr. Drake's) Greyhound, 1 g. and 4 gs. bye.

Mr. Vernon's Eagle p. agst. Mr. Upcher's Padilla, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

Captain Wyat's Jason rec. forfeit from Mr. Johnson's Nina, 1 g and 1 g. bye.

Mr. Gurney's Asdrubal a. agst Mr. F. Hamond's Wormwood, 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Off.)

Mr. H. Redhead's Monkey agst Mr. F. Hamend's Anne, 1 g. and 1 g. bye—(Undecided.)

Mr. F. Hamond's Wormwood a beat Mr. H. Redhead's Maiden a. 1 g. and 4 gs. bye.

Mr. Redhead's Lively a. agst Col. Lovelace's Mary a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

Mr. Redhead's Mouse agst Mr. F. Hamond's Augusta, 1 g. and 4 gs. bye.—(Undecided.)

Mr. F. Hamond's Ajax beat Mr. H. Redhead's Madge, 1 g. and 4 gs. bye.

Mr. Gurney's Asdrubal a. rec. ft. from Mr. Johnson's Nimrod a. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Col. Lovelace's Magic p. beat Mr. Upcher's Pertinax p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

Col. Lovelace's Mushroom p. agst Mr. Penrice's Rodney p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.—(Undecided.)

Capt. Wyat's Jesse beat Mr. Hamond's Queen, 1 g. 1 bye.

Capt. Wyat's Jason a. beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker a. 1 g. and 2 gs. bye.

Mr. Penrice's Regulus p. beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wood-Nymph p. 1 g. and 1 g. bye.

There was more sport this meeting, and better greyhounds, than at any meeting since the renewal of the Coursing at Swaffham.

The Coursing was more than usually well attended.—There were no less than 204 persons at the ball on Thursday, among whom were many of the most distinguished ladies, for beauty and fashion, in the county; and all seemed highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Mr. Fermor sold Cerberus, by Gohanna, to Lord C. H. Somerset, for 350gs.; and Brighton, by Gohanna, to Sir John Shelley, for the like sum. Brighton is since dead.—Lord Lowther purchased Eliza, by Spear, well known by the name of the *Manchester poney*, for 100gs.

WE are informed that Mr. Fermor has totally declined the turf.

HAMBLETONIAN's get are reputed to be the most successful winners this year. His pedigree, performances, &c. will be given in our next Number.

WE understand Mr. Charles Fothergill has purchased St. George, that well-bred son of Highflyer and Eclipse, for 300gs.; and that he will cover mares, during the ensuing season, at the White-House, near the Mount, without Micklegate-Bar, York, at five guineas for blood mares. He is the sire of Pan, the winner of the Derby Stakes this year; also of Zodiac, Harmless, Cliffe, and many other good racers.

MR. F. the stable-keeper, it is said, has realised ten thousand pounds, and Mr. H. the hackneyman, six thousand pounds, during their connection with, and employ in the service of, a certain *ci-devant* sporting gentleman. Poor Mr. R. was discharged—he was *too honest!*

MR. Panton, brother to the late Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, lies dangerously ill, and is not expected to survive beyond a few days. At his decease, an estate of 3000l. per annum, and 40,000l. in money, descend, in equal portions, to his two nieces, Lady Willoughby, and the Countess Cholmondeley. Mr. Panton has been a celebrated frequenter of the turf, and is now in his seventy-seventh year. He married Miss Gubbings only a few years ago.

THE Earl of Berkeley had lately the following very perilous adventure:—Walking in the deer park with his son, a child, his Lordship was attacked by an American deer, whose horns he immediately seized with both arms, and kept fast hold thereof when thrown down and trampled on by the furious animal. In this situation, he desired the child not to be afraid, but to take from his (the father's pocket) a large knife, and therewith to stab the deer and to cut his throat if possible. The son, worthy of such an intrepid sire, obeyed his father's orders; but had not strength enough to sever the windpipe, and completely cut the deer's throat. He did, however, by frequent stabs, occasion the creature to lose much blood, and to run away. Lord Berkeley was quite exhausted; but, we are happy to add, has recovered from the injury he received.

THE Earl of Ilchester, during the present month, met with a severe misfortune. As his Lordship was hunting, near his seat, at Melbury, his horse, in leaping over a brook, fell with him, by which accident his thigh was broken. It is with pleasure we hear that the limb has been set,

set, and that his Lordship is in a fair way of recovery.

On Tuesday, the 18th ult. a publican at Nottingham undertook, for a wager of forty guineas, to go with a mare, belonging to him, and a light cart, a distance of forty miles in four hours. He set out about half-past ten o clock, and performed the journey within twelve minutes of the given time. The mare is under fourteen hands high.

On Saturday, the 22d of October, the inhabitants of Fawley were highly gratified with a race, between Mr. Trattle's famous horse Arabian, and Mr. Covey's blood-mare. It was a two-mile heat, from the directing-post at Newtown to that at Little Butts Ash. Mr. Scorey, a renowned jockey, rode Arabian, and the blood-mare was ridden by Mr. Covey's sprightly groom. At starting, and indeed for a third part of the way, the mare had the advantage; but afterwards, by a masterly manœuvre of Mr. Scorey, the horse took the lead, and arrived first at the winning-post. —As it was a fine day, the assemblage of people was numerous, and the knowing-ones were all taken in, without excepting that great connoisseur of cattle, Mr. J. Bromfield. The mare was the favourite, and disappointed the expectations of many who came for the purpose of reaping a golden harvest.

On Monday, Oct. 24, a match, for 100 guineas a side, was run for on Stockbridge Course, betwixt the Brighton poney, and a noted roan poney, of Southampton—the best of a two-mile heat, to carry seven stone.—The Brighton poney beat by half a length.—Bets ran considerably in favour of the Southampton poney, which caused a deal of money to be lost.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult. the Annual Meeting of the Hampshire Hunt took place on Northington Downs, when a cup value fifty guineas was run for, and won by Farmer Jolliffe's bay mare Silver Tail, beating two others, at two well-contested heats.—After which a very numerous and respectable company of gentlemen and farmers went to the Swan Inn, Alresford, where a most excellent dinner was served up.—The bottle and bowl went cheerfully round with toast and song.—The utmost conviviality prevailed till the next morning.

A match was made the middle of this month for 100 guineas, play or pay, for a hack mare, the property of Mr. Sitwell, of Charlotte-street, to perform fifty-six miles in four hours, with half an hour stoppage allowed for feeding. The match was undertaken on the 22d instant, from a spot near Shillingford, Berks, to Hounslow, and the mare did her task in seven minutes less than the given time. She performed chiefly at the trot, and baited after going half the distance in three minutes less than half the time.—The odds were considerably against the performance.

Berkeley Hunt.—The Members of this respectable Hunt met Thursday, the 10th inst. by invitation, to breakfast at the Marquis of Abercorn's, the Priory, Stanmore, when, after partaking of the hospitality of the noble host, they proceeded to meet the hounds at Scratch-wood, where they proposed to throw off. After beating near half an hour without finding, they tried Cricket-wood, and unkennelled a fox. The burst was beautiful; reynard made the best of his way to Lord Essex's, Cashiobury Park. His

His Lordship was riding with a party of his friends through his grounds, and joined the jovial cry. The fox being headed, he made play towards Mr. Thellusson's, at Wallall, and from thence to Mr. Parker's, at Munden; these gentlemen, being aware of the days of meeting, their gates were thrown open, whereby little damage is done to the fences. The fox again crossed the country, and after a hard run of an hour and three quarters, he was killed in a wood near Pinner, on Mr. Serjeant Sellon's estate, at whose mansion the party partook of some refreshments, and some home-brewed ale. It is rather extraordinary that the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Capel, who is manager of the hounds, though acquainted with the country so well, was completely thrown out.—Among those in at the death were Lord Essex, Lord Hamilton, Mr. Thellusson, &c.

Mr. Durand's grand coursing-day took place on Friday, the 18th instant. Although the weather was very unfavourable, there were upwards of 300 sportsmen upon the Downs, to witness the contest between Mr. Durand's bitch Fly, and Mr. Purling's Puss, which terminated considerably in favour of Fly. There were many excellent runs.

A Hare chased by a Flock of Geese!—A flock of geese, belonging to Mr. Lloyd, of the Town-house, at Marford, seven miles from Chester, lately set a hare on the top of that hill, when poor puss, bursting from the cackling tribe, ran down the hill, and was pursued by the whole flock, some flying, some running with extended wings, till they overtook her, when puss slily gave them the double; and, returning, was so closely pursued by the irritated flock, as to be taken alive by a servant girl of Mrs. Pate's, as she was attempting the latch in her mistress's garden, in the presence of upwards of twenty spectators.—Her carcase was afterwards made a present of to a wedding party in that neighbourhood.

Pedestrianism.—Mr. Dowlen, a publican at Towcester, Northamptonshire, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, completed, perhaps the most wonderful performance ever heard of. For a wager of 100 guineas he engaged to go 500 miles in seven days, on chosen ground, and to take his rest as he thought proper. He started the Thursday previous, and finished the distance in Hampshire, at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The pedestrian is a stout-made man, not more than five feet four in height, and a native of Merionethshire, in Wales.

The Walking Post. — The name of this extraordinary person, whose labours surpass any of the boasted pedestrian atchievements, is William Brockbank. He is a native of Millom, in Cumberland. He daily performed the distance between Whitehaven and Ulverstone, on foot, under the disagreeable circumstance of frequently wading the river at Muncaster, by which place he constantly went, which is at least three miles round; and, including the different calls he had to make, at a short distance from the road, his daily task was not short of forty-seven miles. He is at present *Walking Post* from Manchester to Glossop, in Derbyshire, a distance of sixteen miles, which he performs every day, Sundays excepted; returns the same evening, and personally delivers the letters, newspapers, &c. in that po-

pulous and commercial country, to all near the road, which makes his daily task not less than thirty-five miles, or upwards; and, what is more extraordinary, he has performed this business for upwards of two years, without the intervention of a day, except Sunday, and has never varied a quarter of an hour, from his usual time of arriving at Glossop. He performs all this in less than twelve hours a day.

We learn from Curaçoa, that a match was to take place on the 26th of August, between the celebrated pedestrian, Lieutenant Fairman, and a Mr. Grant, a native of that island. The terms of the match are, that he who goes the greatest distance, without refreshment, is to be adjudged the winner. The West Indian has stipulated, that the hour of starting should be at noon. The great ground, therefore, for speculation, seems to be, whether the Creole or the European will make the best battle against the meridian sun, in a tropical climate?—The friends of both parties are naturally all anxiety to know the result of so hazardous an undertaking, for every one is of opinion that it must kill them both. Mr. Grant, it seems, presumes on his being inured to the climate, and has therefore chosen the meridian for starting, in the expectation that the heat will be so oppressive as to compel the European to relinquish the contest. The Lieutenant calculates on his powers of continuance, should he be able to resist the violence of the sun.—The only walking match that has ever taken place in the West-Indies, was in Jamaica, in the year 1793, between a Mr. Hughes, of the 10th regiment, and a Mr. Hutchinson, of the 13th. The former was a Manx man, and the latter a Creole. They went four times round the Kingston race-ground, which is a two-mile course, in two two hours, before sun-rise, taking rest and refreshment at the end of each circuit.

On Thursday, the 10th instant, Mr. Bryan, jun. brazier, of Shrewsbury, for a wager, walked from the centre of the English bridge to Church Stretton, a distance of thirteen miles, in two hours and three quarters, which he performed with ease. The time allowed was three hours. In the afternoon of the following day, Mr. Pickstock, wine-merchant, of Shrewsbury, undertook to go eight miles in an hour; the ground chosen for the performance was the bottom walk in a quarry, which was strewed with saw-dust for the occasion. Considerable sums were depending on the event, and Mr. Pickstock won with ease in one minute and a half under the time.

Abraham Clagg, of Staffordshire, challenges the country in a pedestrian effort of two hundred miles, for fifty guineas a side.

A foot-race was run in the Park, on the 14th instant, between a Lieutenant Hawkey and a Mr. Snowden, of Nottingham-street.—The distance was two hundred yards, the stakes fifty guineas, and the performers not being professional runners, some betting took place. The race was won by about a yard by Mr. Snowden, and the distance was performed in twelve seconds.

EPIGRAM

On a Gentleman running against Time for a considerable Wager.

Run against Time! forbear, Sir, I intreat you:
In the *long run*, Old Time is sure to *beat you!*

Pugilism.

PUGILISM.—A battle took place, on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at Wilsden Green, between Tom O'Donnell, and a countryman, by trade a boot-closer. They fought forty-five hard rounds, in which the countryman got a severe beating. Having boasted before the battle that he could beat any man, he left the field of action, as may be supposed, a little ashamed of himself.

ON the same day, (the 1st inst.) a severe battle was fought at Marlborough Common, Wilts, by Mr. Howell, hatter, and Mr. Titcomb, both of Marlborough. Soon after eight they set to, the former seconded by Mr. Mead, collar-maker, and the latter by an ostler at the Castle Inn. The first three rounds were in favour of Howell, who laughed at his antagonist, and told him if he could not strike harder he had better have staid at home; but the fourth round put an end to his laughing, having received a left-handed blow on his head, which cut his ear, and brought him to the ground; although he never recovered this blow, yet he stood twenty-five rounds, and shewed good bottom; but was so exhausted by the loss of blood, and so severely beaten in the body as well as his face, that he gave in to Titcomb, who said he had no objection to such exercise every morning in the week.

A PITCHED battle for 100 guineas, was fought at Bognor, Bucks, on Monday, the 7th instant, between a farmer of the name of Mitchell, who resides at Bognor, and a publican of the name of George. The match was made in consequence of a dispute respecting their merits as boxers. The battle lasted fifty-five minutes, in the presence of about one thousand spectators. It was what a professional boxer would have termed *gluttony* from beginning to ending. There was no advantage in skill, strength, or bottom, the former of which neither of the champions possessed, but it was fighting in earnest at a scratch until one was knocked down. Mitchell at length gave in, but he was able to walk away, which was not the case with the victor, who was put to bed at the house next the scene of action. The victor was seconded by Jones, a professional bruiser from London.

A DESPERATE battle took place the 17th instant, on the other side of Acton, between Dickson, the baker, and a Kentish man, for twenty guineas a side. At eleven o'clock, a great concourse of spectators assembled on the ground; Dutch Sam, and many others of the pugilistic corps, were present. At two o'clock, the combatants entered the ring, and though they did not exhibit science, they both shewed a great deal of *pluck*.—They fought upwards of one hundred rounds in two hours and fifteen minutes; the baker was declared victorious, but they both received a very severe beating.—The sport of the day concluded with baiting Caleb Baldwin's famous bull.

ON Tuesday, the 8th instant, in the morning, a man arrived at Yarmouth, who announced himself as the celebrated Crib, and that he had come down for the purpose of meeting Gregson at the Globe Bowling-green, Gosleston, to determine a match for one thousand guineas. He was, in consequence, waited on by the *knowing ones*, who being fully satisfied he was the person he represented himself to

be,

be, sent notice to their country friends to apprise them of what was going forward. About three o'clock next day, a large party, on horseback, in chaises, and on foot, steered their course towards the scene of action. *Crib walked down,* accompanied by some of the *knowing ones,* after resisting all entreaties to have a chaise, and arrived at the Globe at the appointed time, where he ordered a room and *put on his fighting dress.* Four o'clock came and no Gregson arriving, the people began to be impatient, insisted on seeing the said Mr. Crib, and threatened to toss him in a blanket. He still persisted in his story, insinuated that Gregson durst not meet him, and that he of course should claim the forfeit of 150 guineas. This not being satisfactory, the mob were proceeding to treat him roughly, when a naval Officer recognised him as belonging to the navy, and labouring under mental derangement He took him under his protection, and the crowd dispersed.

A REMARKABLE instance of the effects of fear on irrational animals lately occurred in Blickling Park, Norfolk, during the races there:—At the very height of sport, a covey of partridges sprang up, and were flying across the ground, when, overcome with alarm at the noise and bustle of the scene, they fell lifeless among the crowded throng, and were picked up by some of the spectators.

A SHORT time since, Mr. T. Warwick, of Warwick, shot a partridge with *three* wings; the third wing, which grows out of the *breast,* was in every respect as perfect as the other two, but somewhat shorter. Mr. Warwick has got this very remarkable bird preserved, and intends, we hear, to make a present of it to Lieut.-Col. Howard, of Corby-Castle.

ON Friday, the 4th instant, John Cheswick, and John Gibson, jun. both of Ingleby, in the parish of Saxelby, farmers, were convicted before the magistrates at the justice-room in the Bail of Lincoln, in the penalties of five pounds each, under the game laws, for shooting without being qualified, although they had taken out their three-guinea certificates to kill game.

A SINGULAR occurrence took place on Sunday, the 6th instant, at Cobham Church: The Earl of Darnley was followed there by one of his pointers, which shortly became mad, and threw the whole congregation into confusion and alarm. A countryman, with great courage, procured a rope, and slipped it round the animal's neck, and hung him across one of the pews. Fortunately no person sustained any injury.

A MOST enormous shark was lately caught by the fishermen at Hastings; it was entangled in seventeen of their nets, and completely broke them all; but being wounded, and nearly spent, they contrived to tow on shore this monster of the deep. It measures thirty feet in length, and upwards of twenty in circumference, and is supposed to weigh at least *ten ton;* has four rows of teeth, and the throat is so large that it could swallow a *man* with the greatest ease. It is considered to be the largest of the species ever met with in any of the seas of Europe.—Colonel Bothwell has purchased it for his friend, Mr. Home, the Surgeon, of Sackville-street, who intends to dissect it, and place the skeleton in his Museum.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Melo-dramatic Opera of the Exile.

IN days of yore, on Pavia's plain,
When haughty France encounter'd Spain,
Fortune awhile in equal balance held
The rage, the woes, the slaughter of the field:
But brave Castilians fir'd,
By patriot zeal inspir'd,
Like knights of old, impetuous, wild, and free,
Rush'd on, and cried—"For Spain and Chivalry."

In open battle, not betray'd,
Proud Gallia's King was pris'ner made;
But Spain soon feeling for a foe o'erthrown,
Restor'd the captive Monarch to his crown.
For brave Castilians fir'd,
By courtesy inspir'd,
Like knights of old, will die, ere tarnish'd see
The sacred names of "Spain and Chivalry."

THE FINE PLEASANT FELLOW.

A Parody.

SEE, the school-hour is o'er, and the sports are begun,
See at cricket they halloo, they laugh—how they run!
A thousand strange projects resound far and near,
Regardless of prudence, regardless of fear,
Till, forgetting each master's or parent's behest,
Gay, idle, and thoughtless, his heart light in his breast,
Without thought of to-morrow, of sorrow or strife,
The fine pleasant fellow dashes first into life.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and he joins in the chase,
Next he's charm'd with the sport, and the bets at a race;
He games, drinks, and dances, the hours away,
Impatient with pleasure to fill the whole day;
And alike fond of joys of the table or field,
He scorns to give out, and was ne'er known to yield,
Till all his companions observe, with a smile,
That the fine pleasant fellow is living in style.

Grown older, done up, and unable to pay,
Diseas'd, vex'd, and fretful—yet still fond of play,
With those he despises he's still seen to game,
Still hoping to win, and still careless of fame.
Each tradesman unpaid, who his follies supplied,
He stoops to all arts, and each meanness of pride!
Till duns, debts, and attornies, each moment assail,
And the fine pleasant fellow is lodg'd in a jail.

There, distress'd, and forsaken by foe and by friend,
Bow'd down, by degrees he now bends to his end;
Return'd to a sense of his folly too late,
From morning to ev'ning he curses his fate,
And, too proud to repent, and too late to recede,

With

With a desperate hand does a desperate deed!
Whilst a terrified crowd the sad relics survey
Of the fine pleasant fellow, the martyr of play!

A HINT TO ANGLERS.

TOMMY Trout, a fam'd angler, who liv'd in Cheapside,
With new tackle and nice tempting bait,
On a sporting excursion to *Putney Bridge* hied,
And there in a punt, with a fisherman's pride,
Sat, like Emperor BONY, in state.

That Patience is Virtue the Proverb declares,
And poor Tommy gave practical proof:-
For tho' he display'd all his cunning in snares,
Tho' his hooks were conceal'd, and his lines thin as hairs,
The curs'd fish still kept swimming aloof.

At length he grew hungry, and weary, and wet,
For the punt was both leaky and cranky;
And tho' he with care each delicious bait set,
Not a minnow, a roach, or an eel could he get,
For they all seem'd to say, "No—I thank'ee!"

A wag on the bridge said, "No longer contend,
For you've dev'lish bad luck below, brother;
And the fault's in your *Rod*—(for I speak as a friend)
Tho' 'tis certainly true there's a *Worm at one end*,
Yet still there's a *Fool at the other!*"

NEHEMIAH NIBBLE.

THE FIELDFARE AND THRUSH.

FROM realms where Winter's polar sway
O'erpow'rs the feeble orb of day,
And rudely binds, in icy chains,
The shrinking fountains, hills, and plains,
Sagacious FIELDFARES take their flight,
Led by unerring instinct's light,
To distant climes, where less severe
Rules the stern tyrant of the year;
Where still the verdant vale and field
Supplies of food abundant yield,
So that the natives well may spare,
When strangers come, a friendly share.
Now it fell out, one morn of late,
A bird, bred near the noted strait
Where the bleak Baltic's stormy wave
Rushes, Norwegian rocks to lave,
Arriv'd on Erin's northern shore,
And bent her course up to Dromore;
There, on a thorn, quite spent with toil,
She perch'd, to rest her wings awhile,
When, by and by, a sprightly THRUSH
Espy'd the stranger on the bush,
And seem'd to know from whence she came,
And thus address'd the foreign dame:
"Your servant, Madam! Welcome o'er
From yon inhospitable shore,
Where vultures from the fields of France
'Gainst Spanish freedom fierce advance,
And threaten ev'ry realm beside
Where peaceful birds like us abide,
Who rob and murder, without pity,
The tenants of town, plain, and city!
Here, Plenty reigns around, you see,
With smiling Peace and Liberty!
And you—if you're a bird of song—
May warble safe here all day long,
Nor dread that e'er tyrannic pow'r
Shall check the lay, or waste the bow'r,
Protected by the free and brave,
Who sing "*Britannia rules the Wave!*"
But, ere the FIELDFARE could reply,
A prowling Hawk came flitting by,
And on her fix'd his felon eye;—
Then, turning, with a sudden dart,
Transfix'd her in the very heart,
And in his talons bore away,
To the next grove, the bleeding prey!

Dromore. HAFIZ.

AUTUMN;

OR,

Two Views of the same Season.

NOW is return'd again
Wan Autumn's sickly train.
Behold the dismal rout,
Catarrh, and hobbling Gout,
Sour Cholic, bent Lumbago,
And pallid shiv'ring Ague;

Jaundice

Jaundice with saffron cheek,
And Fever crawling weak;
Head-ache, and drivling Rheum,
And Melancholy's gloom.
Then who can wish again
Sad Autumn's sickly reign?

BEHOLD the merry swain
Now celebrate again
Rich Autumn's bounteous reign.
Lavish of luscious fruit,
Each wayward taste to suit,
Bright Nect'rines, Peaches fair,
Sweet Apple, juicy Pear;
The blooming Plum, ambrosial Pine,
And melting clusters of the Vine;
See Ceres' jocund train
Trip gaily on the plain—
Then welcome Autumn's joys again.

IMPROMPTU.

A Countryman lately to London who came,
His business I know not, but Joskin his name,
Thought his beard was too long, and the Cockneys might quiz,
So look'd out for a shaver to polish his phiz.
And long had he wander'd, when over a door
He beheld a gay board, which thus held forth its lore—
"Hair-cutting and shaving on terms *truly easy*;"
With a name to conclude, in gilt letters, "WILL WEEZY."
Joskin inwardly cries, "this will suit to a *hair*;"
He goes in, and Will Weezy sets forth his best chair.
Now he lathers his chin, talks of taxes and news,
How *soap* is advanc'd, and the *brushes* they use;
"And this, Sir," says Weezy, "has been the chief reason
Why shaving is rais'd to *three halfpence* this season."
Now the razor appears, but, alas! Joskin's skin
Shews marks of its badness, by blood-cover'd chin;
Yet he patiently bears till the task is perform'd,
When thus he exclaims, by his sufferings warm'd—
"As I came to your shop, o'er the door, Mr. Weezy,
I read on the board, that you shave people *easy*;
But I find, to my sorrow, 'tis all a deceit,
And begin now to think you're a *barberus* cheat;
For tho' you shave *cheap*, I'll be hang'd, Mr. Weezy,
If your shaving has aught that can christen it *easy*!"

J. M. L.

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

QUIN's servant, at th' accustom'd hour,
Once came to call his master,
With visage long, and aspect sour,
Expressive of disaster.

Quin soon began his usual story—
Well, John, what news of fish?
Have you of Turbot or John Dorey
Seen e'er a handsome dish?

Says John, I've been the market round,
And search'd from stall to stall,
But only some few mackarel found,
And those not fresh at all.

Well! how's the day? says Quin again,
Will it be wet or dry?
It seems a drizzling kind of rain—
Was honest John's reply.

Quin turns in bed, with piteous moan,
And, not to brood o'er sorrow,
Says—shut the door, and call me, John,
About this time *to-morrow*!

LOVE AND SHOOTING.

TO her husband, who started by breaking of day,
Fair Lucinda exclaim'd, "O prithee, love, stay!"
But the Sportsman cried, eagerly grasping his gun,
"It is time to be gone! see the new-risen sun!
And *what day* 'tis, my angel, remember!"
The disconsolate fair strove her blushes to hide,
And half pouting, half smiling, she archly replied,
"Oh! the deuce take the *First of September*!"

A CHAP

A CHAPTER ON LOGIC.

OR, THE HORSE CHESNUT, AND THE CHESNUT HORSE.

Occasioned by an Observation of Mr. Montague Mathew, in the House of Commons, during the last Session of Parliament, that Mr. Mathew Montagu was no more like him, than a Horse Chesnut was like a Chesnut Horse.

AN Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.
Arriv'd, and pass'd the usual how d'ye do's,
Enquiries of old friends, and College news:
" Well, Tom—the road—what saw you worth discerning?
Or, how goes study:—What is it you're learning?"
" Oh! Logic, Sir; but not the shallow rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis Wits' and Wranglers' Logic:—thus, d'ye see,
I'll prove at once, as plain as A. B. C.
That an *eel pie's* a *pigeon*—To deny it,
Would be to swear black's not black—Come—let's try it.
An *eel* pie is a pie of *fish*—Agreed.
Fish pie may be a *jack* pie.—Well, proceed.
A *jack* pie is a *John* pie; and 'tis done,
For every *John-pie* must be a *Pie-john.*—(Pigeon.)
" Bravo! (Sir Peter cries); Logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother's, and she was clever.
But hold, my boy, since 'twould be very hard
That wit and learning should have no reward,
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross;
And there I'll give thee"—What?—My Chesnut Horse.
A horse! quoth Tom, blood, pedigree, and paces,
Heav'ns, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!
To bed he went, and slept for downright sorrow,
That night must go before he'd see the morrow;
Dream't of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches,
Of hunting caps, and leaping rails and ditches.
Left his warm rest, an hour before the lark!
Dragg'd his old Uncle, fasting, to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd—at loss
To spy out something like a Chesnut Horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropt—
At length, beneath a tree Sir Peter stopt;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
A fine horse chesnut, in its prickly shell.
There, Tom, take that—Well, Sir, and what beside?
Why, since you're booted, saddle it and ride.
Ride what? a chesnut?—Aye, come, get across;
I tell you, Tom, that *chesnut* is a *horse*,
And all the horse you'll get—for I can shew,
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so:
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—idle-headed fools!
Or old Mallebranche—blind pilot into knowledge!
But by the laws of Wit, and Eton College.
All axioms but the Wranglers I'll disown,
And stick to one sound argument—your own.

EPITAPH

ON

A LATE RACING NOBLEMAN.

HERE lies of quadrupeds the slave,
Of woman-kind the gay deceiver;
Unskill'd, a fav'rite race to save,
He lost a heat, and gain'd a fever.

To those who doubt that life's a span,
His Lordship's fate will plainly shew it—
Once on the turf a living man,
But now a skeleton below it.